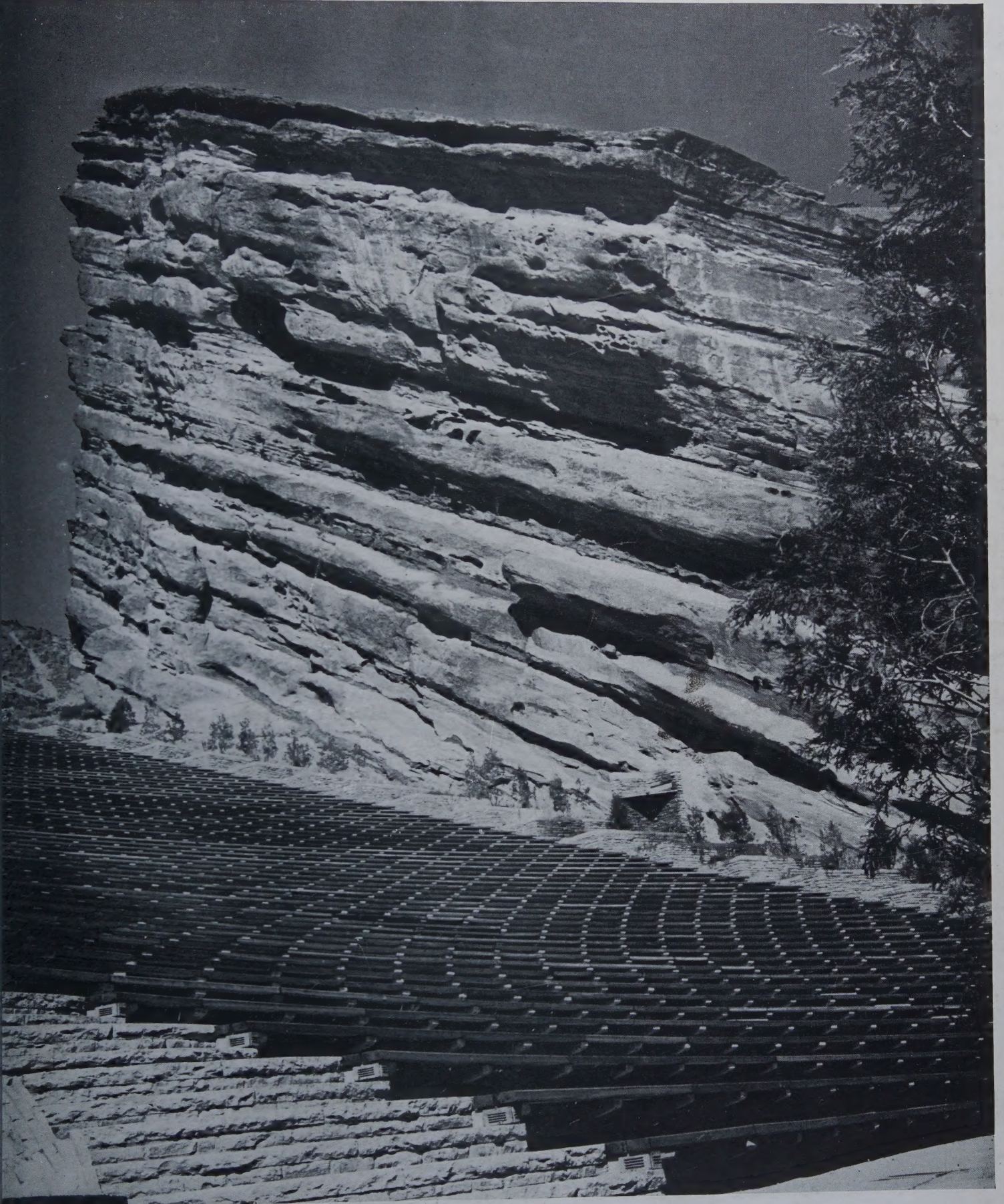


MAGAZINE OF ART



THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS • WASHINGTON

OCTOBER, 1944

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JOHN D. MORSE, *Editor*

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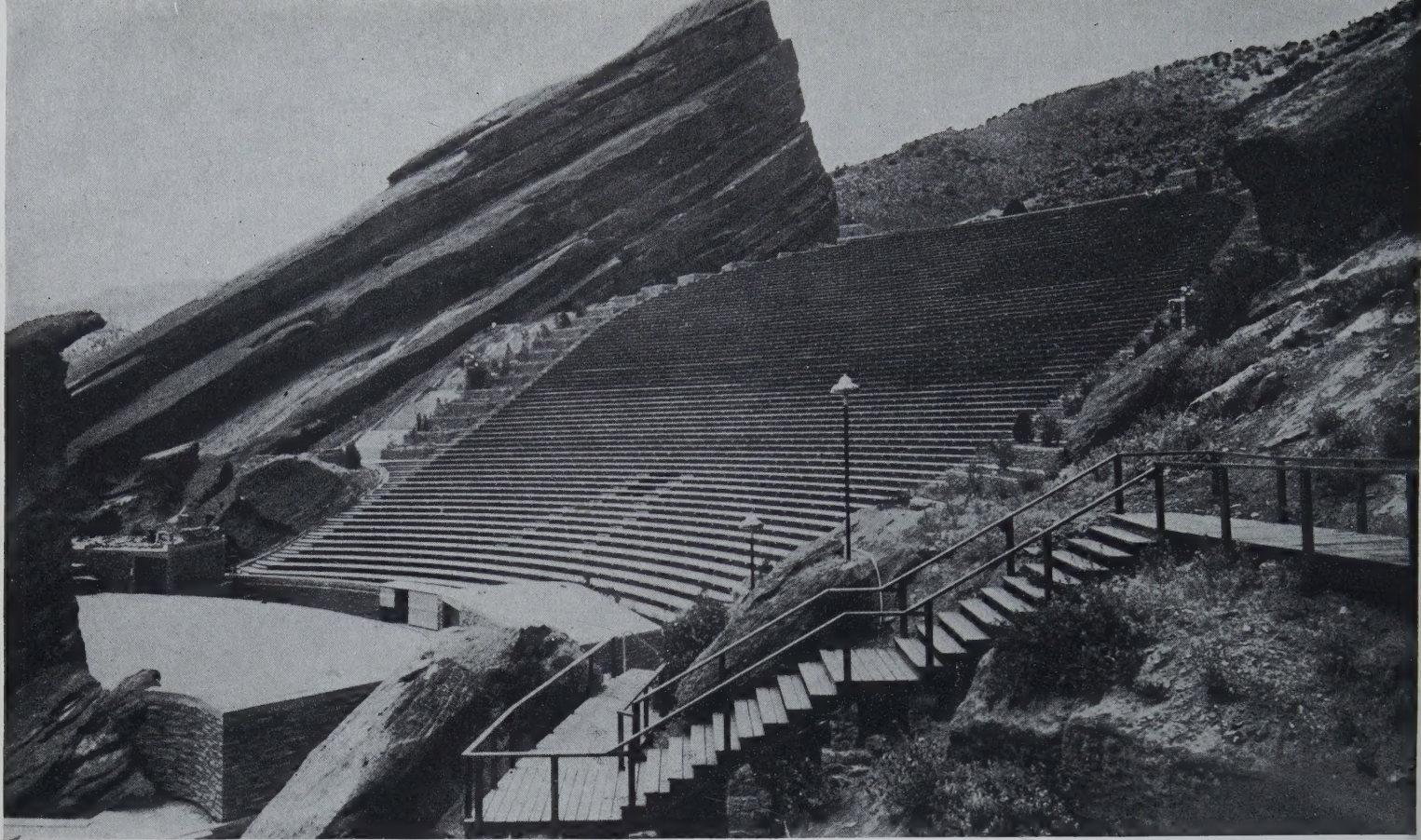
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Articles in the MAGAZINE OF ART represent many points of view. We do not expect concurrence from every quarter, not even among our contributors; we believe that writers are entitled to express opinions which differ widely. Although we do not assume responsibility for opinions expressed in any signed articles appearing in the MAGAZINE OF ART, we hold that to offer a forum in our pages is the best way to stimulate intelligent discussion and to increase active enjoyment of the arts.—EDITOR.

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PHOTOS COURTESY MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

BURNHAM HOYT: *Red Rocks Auditorium, Denver, 1941. "Few tenants are worthy of a monument. God, for one, is, though He be poorly served today. After Him, in our democracy, came the people themselves, in political, social or cultural assembly. . ."*

MONUMENTS, MEMORIALS, AND MODERN DESIGN—AN EXCHANGE OF LETTERS

By GEORGE HOWE

Office of the Editor.

Dear Mr. Howe:

Our Committee on Architecture has proposed what seems to me to be a tremendously interesting and important subject, and they have recommended you as the logical person to discuss it. The idea, briefly, is that although we have all been quick to criticize the eclecticism of contemporary monumental buildings, the modernists have really produced very little to take its place. The only two modern monumental buildings we could think of in America are the Red Rocks Auditorium in Denver and the proposed Saarinen building for the Smithsonian. Beyond these, nothing much seems to have been accomplished, and it appears to us that here is a subject for very serious consideration. I hope you will agree, and that the idea of writing about it will appeal to you.

*Cordially yours,
John D. Morse.*

Army and Navy Club,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR MR. MORSE:

If by modernists you mean only the sort of modern designers

whose works you mention I think I know why they don't, and never will, produce as many monumental buildings as the eclectics. Aside from the fact that they have lacked opportunity they don't see much reason to produce many. The eclectics, with doubtful judgment, do.

The Red Rocks Auditorium, by Burnham Hoyt, and the design for the Smithsonian Museum, by Eliel and Eero Saarinen, are both monumental (if later we decide they are so) because they express monumental functions, an unusual but not rare circumstance. I think you and your Committee on Architecture could have remembered other such without looking beyond the short roster of names famous in modern design. I feel sure you would find at least two among the works of Frank Lloyd Wright, for instance. Having said so much, I shall not extend the list of examples. The frequency or infrequency of their occurrence will not affect the discussion.

Your statement of the subject seems to imply that eclecticism has given us something, presumably some delight of the eye, some response to a primitive urge, some intellectual nourishment, some mental, moral or psychological assuagement, and that the two modern monumental buildings of your choice give us something to "take its place." First, I do not share your good opinion of eclecticism, even limited as it is. Second,

the sort of modernism you want never will take its place. It can only displace it.

The jargon of the schools has been so confused by careless talk and controversial interpretation intended to obscure the real issues that I can't enter on my argument without undertaking some clarification. "Contemporary" and "modern" are used interchangeably in everyday speech. "Modernism" has been called derisively, and with some justification, the "new eclecticism."

The only distinction that remains theoretically clear lies between "eclecticism" and "functionalism," yet some eclectics claim to be functionalists in fact and some avowed functionalists are actually eclectics. I must try to find terms based on a reality that differentiates one kind of architect from another.

This reality is that some architects are more interested in the inside of buildings than others, and some in the outside. The first kind I shall call Internalists, the second Externalists. The two types depart from an imaginary central norm, tending to extremes in both directions. The extremes of the first type, who care only for the inside of buildings and neglect the outside, I shall call, using the language once natural to psychopathology, Introverts, and their opposites Extroverts.

I do not speak of the inside of buildings as an interior decorator or efficiency economist. I speak as an architect whose concern is Space as Void, as Cosmic Emptiness, to which he gives monumental purpose and meaning by the addition of an architectural expression, as Leibnitz expressed the creation of the universe by combining the symbol one, the prime creative entity, with zero, or nothingness. This Space is the Internalist's medium. The Externalist's first concern is with the moulded matter that encloses it.

When an Internalist looks at a particular portion of space the first thing he sees is its tenant, be he God or man. Few tenants are worthy of a monument. God, for one, is, though He be poorly served today. After Him, in our democracy, come the people themselves, in political, social or cultural assembly, and their delegates in high office, the legislative, executive and judicial arms of government, including cabinet members and emissaries to foreign states. These are the symbols of our unity, whether they be worthy or unworthy in their joint or separate persons. The Internalist can recognize no others as having a claim to monumental shelter. His field of monumental expression is thereby limited.

The real old Externalist, on the contrary, who was interested more in the enclosing matter than in the significance of space, would make a monument for any tenant from a mechanic to

a money lender. Factories, powerhouses, banks, office buildings, railroad stations and palaces for plutocrats all looked like monuments to him along with houses of God and government. His field of monumental expression knew no bounds.

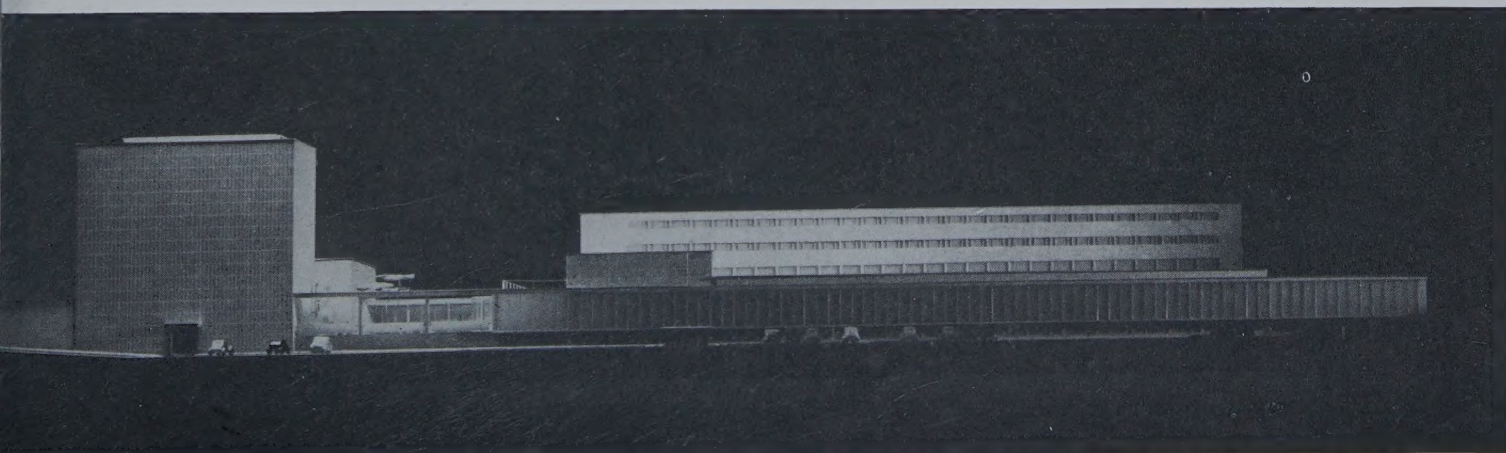
It is now clear why Internalists, or modernists as you call them, have not produced, and never will produce, as many monumental buildings as the Externalists, or eclectics, whether traditionalistic or modernistic. It is also clear what I meant when I said the Red Rocks Auditorium and the Smithsonian Museum were monumental in a functional sense. Their tenants in both cases are the people in political, social or cultural assembly. Their expression *must* be monumental. Most Internalist buildings up to date are tenanted by workmen, servicemen, or people in unorganized groups and *may not* be monumental according to the Internalist philosophy.

It is generally recognized now by Externalists themselves that work buildings are not suited to monumental expression. Albert Kahn, among others, has shown them the greater beauty of utilitarian architecture willfully designed as such. On the other hand, they have not yet recognized that there is a twilight zone between work buildings, such as factories, and monumental buildings, such as legislative halls, in which the Internalist places what I call service buildings. These include all buildings tenanted by subsidiary administrative establishments of government (such as independent agencies), government services (such as post offices), finance, commerce, industrial administration, passenger transportation facilities, and all other service activities.

None of these services, in the Internalist meaning, is a symbol of democracy, and thereby entitled to a monument. They deserve at most an enriched utilitarian architecture. The modern mysticism of the Externalist, meanwhile, though God and his vicars, by comparison, be meanly served in houses, continues to erect monuments for the self-adulating masters of other men's money, in and out of government, who have usurped the symbolic place from which democracy, with great expense of blood, has expelled the petty princes and potentates of monarchy.

The immediate post-revolutionary predilection for *pastiches* of abandoned palaces was natural enough in the nineteenth century. The same phenomenon is seen in Russia today. Architects in that country have discarded the functionalism, constructivism and expressivism of the intellectual revolutionaries in favor of a modernism and neo-revivalism more acceptable to newly-liberated popular taste. It seems the people must ape their masters before they learn to be themselves. In the United States we have been free men long enough to learn democratic decorum. At least architects should have learned it.

ELIEL AND EERO SAARINEN and J. ROBERT F. SWANSON: Prize-winning design for proposed Smithsonian Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.



Externalists seem never to learn. While they peddle the monumental garments of the once great, sometimes modernistically refurbished to accord with the latest milliners' models, they fail to realize they are looked on as senescent snobs not only by the rising generation but by all others save a few clients and admirers, who still share their illusion that clothes make the man. I shall now tune in on the voice of the People.

Not long ago the office of the supervising architect was commissioned by the Congress, through the Public Buildings Administration, to restudy and reformulate the special requirements of all government establishments with whose buildings the office was concerned. With this end in view the director of planning and design visited a Federal courthouse, the work of a world-renowned eclectic, in a city on the eastern seaboard which I shall identify only by saying that it boasts one of the largest urban populations in the world.

A typical clerk of the court, when closely questioned as to the workings of the court rooms, was found to disapprove of everything about them from the bench and the dock to the jury room, judge's chambers and prisoners' pens, including their natural and artificial illumination, inter-communications and details of design. In conclusion he said, in the simple *patois* of his region, "Confidench'ly, Mr. Underwood, I t'ink dis buildin' is just a monument."

I feel this comment disposes of the legitimate monuments of Externalism. It defines them as extravagantly designed for display rather than for use. A remark by a typical middleman will dispose of their pseudo-monuments.

Some years ago I questioned a real estate manager representing a savings institution for which William Lescaze and I were about to design an office building containing stores, banking quarters and thirty floors of rental space. I asked him what he wanted in such a building to make it a sound investment. He specified, "A lot of small offices and a monumental exterior." This is the complete expression of the Externalist doctrine that monumental architecture has no more to do with the character of the tenant than the top hat and frock coat on Brigham Young's statue.

Even when offices and other spaces are not so small, it is possible so to exaggerate the monumentality of their expression as to make the owner and tenants ridiculous. Radio City is a good example of this sort of thing.

This interesting monument belongs to one of three schools of modernistic eclecticism of the undressed-traditionalist and contemporary-fashion-plate types. The Federal Front school, which corresponds to the Fuehrer, Fascist and Falange Front schools, is indistinguishable from Traditionalist eclecticism except by its use of stylagalmaic piers (i.e. piers "taking the place of columns") and block cornices instead of classic orders with moulded entablatures, to express the importance of structures. In other words, it believes in simplified spelling and grammar in the dead languages. The new War Department building in Washington, the Pentagon in Arlington, and the entrance side of the National Airport terminal building are recent examples of this style. At the Airport the useless and inappropriate portico, which serves only to cut off the light from useful spaces, was applied as an afterthought at the special order of a high personage.

The second, or animal-cracker and basket-work school, is characterized by ornament consisting of small figures and animals, in incised outline or recessed relief, combined with an overall appearance of basket weave produced by contrasting colors in the principal vertical and horizontal architectural members and primitive woven patterns in brick or glazed terra cotta in the spandrels or other selected surfaces. The Daily News building in New York is one of the conspicuous examples

of this mannerism which are so numerous that it is pointless to name them.

The third, or Barococo school, is a sort of fancy-dress functionalism. It is characterized particularly by a huge false sense of scale, inappropriate to the function it expresses, such as you see in the hangars at LaGuardia Airport. It makes only sparing use of ornament but the ornament it does use is gross, massive and outsize. Heroic sculpture in the round and in high relief is concentrated at focal points. The emphasis of powerful false verticals, derived from Gothic eclecticism, is used to produce effects of soaring height without scale. The Chrysler building, the Empire State building, No. 1 Wall Street, and the Radio City group are monumental examples of this latter-day commercial Romanism.

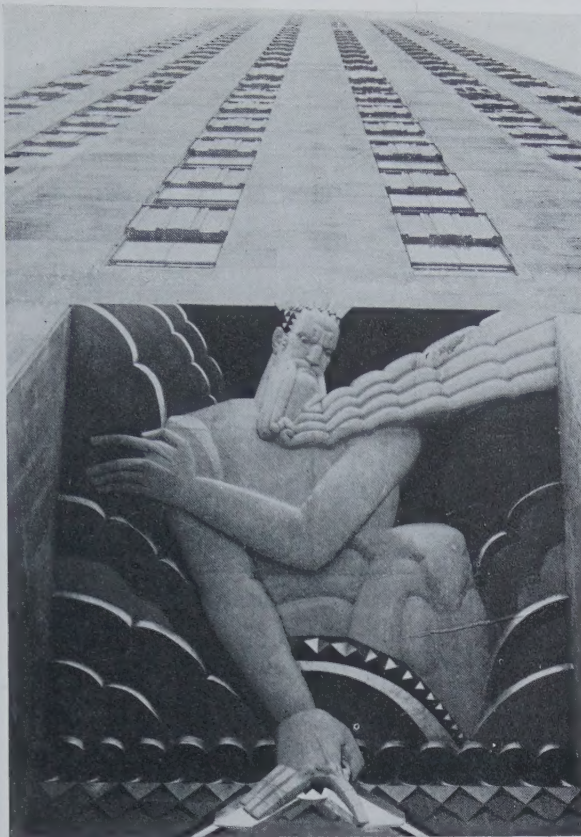
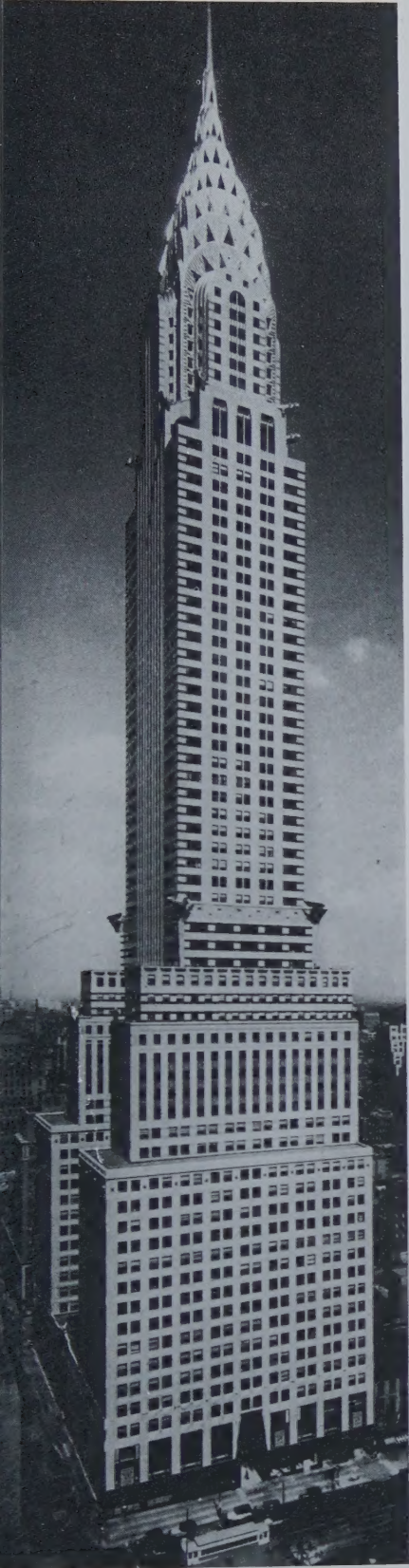
It is difficult to say at what point Externalism overstepped the bounds of reason to assume the pathological attitude of the Extrovert, who will sacrifice every consideration, not only of comfort and convenience but even of dignity of living in the interior, to an aspect of romantic monumentality on the exterior. All we can say is that contemporary psychological perturbations find their ultimate embodiment in collegiate Gothic architecture.

Some years ago a Princeton student, who later turned up in my office and ultimately became Robert Montgomery Brown, architect, was asked in an examination paper to list the requirements of a group dwelling, citing an actual building as an example. His answer was about as follows: "A group dwelling should be as inconveniently planned for the occupants as possible; windows should be small and badly placed, providing inadequate light and ventilation at all seasons; there should be no suitable location in the rooms for bed, chest of drawers or desk; outside entrances should be hard to find; stairs should be tortuous and difficult to negotiate with large objects; all group conveniences should be placed in dark, damp and distant cellar areas; example: A Princeton dormitory." He was given a high mark.

Passing over Harkness Hall at Yale, which differs little if at all from a Princeton dormitory, I shall cite only one more example of this sort of architecture, the Auditorium at the University of Pennsylvania. The auditorium proper sits under a high late Gothic tower and its apsidal abutments. I believe acoustical science has now come to its rescue but at the time it was built every sound rising from the platform was instantly swallowed up in the inverted vortex of the superstructure so that even at a few feet from a speaker it was impossible to understand a word he said. The style was once described by wag as hemorrhoidal Gothic, pile on pile.

The Archives Building in Washington is an outstanding example of classic Extroversion. The historic records of a great nation are certainly worthy of monumental shelter but when the particular symbol selected to express this function should be the largest Corinthian order in the world is hard to understand in an honest man's democracy. It may even be questioned whether truncated sections of a temple to Jupiter Tonans cemented to a stone box core to whose internal subdivisions it is in no way related, can be called architecture at all.

Scale is the essential characteristic of architecture. Scale, as everyone knows, though few practice according to their knowledge, is determined by the relation of the parts of a building to the whole and to man, the ultimate module, and has nothing to do with size. Significant internal space, related to a human function, is the controlling part of a building. An aeroplane hangar, though it be enormous, is not monumental, LaGuardia Airport to the contrary notwithstanding. The judicial chamber of the Supreme Court may be smaller but it houses a symbol of democracy and is monumental by function.

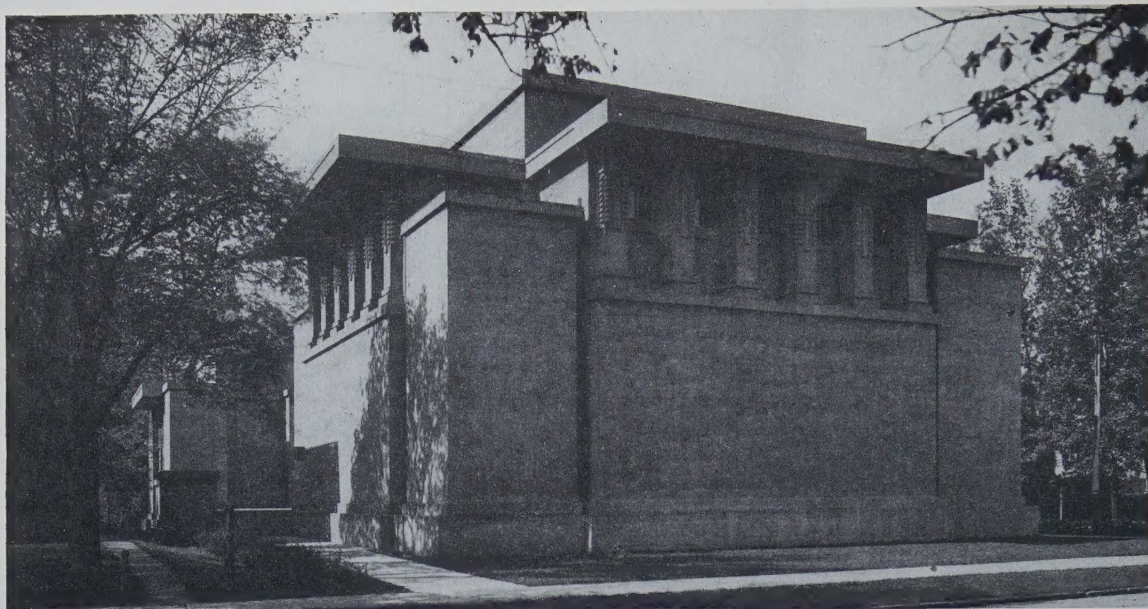


"Even when offices and other spaces are not so small, it is possible so to exaggerate the monumentality of their expression as to make the owner and tenants ridiculous. Radio City (ABOVE) is a good example of this sort of thing."

"Monumental examples of a latter day commercial Romanism are the Chrysler Building (LEFT) and the Empire State Building (RIGHT) . . . a sort of fancy-dress functionalism . . . characterized particularly by a huge falseness of scale, inappropriate to the function it expresses. . . . It makes only sparing use of ornament, but the ornament it does use is gross, massive and outsize. . . . The emphasis on powerful false verticals, derived from Gothic eclecticism, is used to produce effects of soaring height without scale."

"Another school of modern eclecticism is 'The Federal Front School' . . . it believes in simplified spelling and grammar in the dead languages." (National Airport terminal building in Washington.) (BELOW.)





WRIGHT: *Unity Church, 1906, Oak Park, Illinois. "The such works as . . . the Rockefeller Auditorium . . . and the design for the Smithsonian Museum . . . the nature of the Internalist monumental building in the USA shows itself. At the same time we must not forget that it began to show itself many years ago in the early works of Frank Lloyd Wright."*

In Greek and early Gothic architecture problems were simple, and order in the relations between function, space and the architectural elements, in scale, richness of materials and ornament, was absolute. With the Renaissance a degree of confusion in these relations began to be evident. In the 19th century confusion became absolute. This was created by the arbitrary selection by eclectics of the type, size and substance of elements unrelated in any way to the function and space of architecture. It is one of the basic reasons for the disorder in our architectural background in USA.

Another reason is that we have no primitive architecture of the soil to which we can return periodically for fortification. The Latin races never go so far astray as we in monumental design because they are the natural heirs of classic and medieval monumental expression. This fruit of the Mediterranean basin is foreign to English speaking peoples, in whom the Nordic stream of consciousness is uppermost, and produces alarming eruptions and regurgitations when absorbed into the body of our culture. We have only just emerged from the dark tangles of primitive hunting grounds whose memory we recall in the smothered shrubbery and evergreens of suburban front yards. Left to ourselves we prefer trees, mounds and boulders to symbols of classic mythology, as you can see in any national park. When Secretary of the Interior Ickes proclaims the inviolability of every tree and shrub in Washington, even if it mask and crowd a monument, there is little reason to doubt that, in the dark caverns of the Ickesian unconscious, he is identifying himself with Druids under Sacred Oaks or with the three Norms, the Past the Present and the Future, forever tending the roots of Yggdrasil, the Giant Ash whose branches are the universe, in the somber depths of Asgard.

Under the circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the l'Enfant plan of Washington is being constantly challenged by the grass-roots, for it implies monuments of every kind. Architecture may belong to the Latrobes, the Millses and the Beaux-Arts boys but the soil belongs to the people. Where the Mediterranean imagination of l'Enfant saw formal parterres and bosquets, the grass-roots imagination saw only a larger village common. It reduced l'Enfant's broad *allées* to the proportion of cowpaths and dotted the ground accidentally with trees, over which the tops of monuments peer like the heads of embarrassed white-haired gentlemen wishing they could get rid of their funny clothes behind the bushes. Only the romantic pile

of the Smithsonian crouches comfortably in its place. Nothing else can be said in its favor.

Having observed the disturbing phenomena of false monumentality about them, small groups of men, on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean, decided, toward the end of the last century that: one, there were too many monuments that had no reason to be and, two, that the legitimate monuments expressed no reality of their day, either in form or in substance. The search in the works of man and nature for an appropriate expression over a period of three-quarters of a century, down to the recent past when radical architectural reformers discarded all ornament and style as pitifully inadequate to express contemporary democracy, focussing their design system in function and structure instead, is familiar to everyone. To me any hope for the future of architecture must lie in a fusing of this new international and intellectual asceticism of the industrial revolution with the rich, soil-rooted, and at the same time personal planning philosophy of a Frank Lloyd Wright. We need more prophets of freedom. Wright is still actively with us and a host of younger men is rising to follow and broaden the path he has trod.

I have left memorials to the end because they stand in a category apart. The Internalist must penetrate their meaning if he would find an answer to the problem they present.

The memorial differs from other monumental buildings in that it is dedicated to a fourth party, usually dead, instead of to the owner (or administrator), architect and builder. Occasionally an individual dedicates, and even erects, a monument to himself during his lifetime. The propriety of this custom so common in antiquity, has been questioned in our day, but at least one member of the Supreme Court has given it sanction. The Attorney General quotes the opinion in his biography of Mr. Justice Holmes. "If a single lady not otherwise distinguished be minded to prolong the remembrance of her family name by a beautiful monument over her grave, we could not pronounce it unsuitable or improper as a matter of law."

One may question the propriety of introducing considerations of beauty in this purely financial controversy between the heirs and executors of an elderly spinster but that is beside the point. The key word of the decision is "perpetuate." Perpetuity is a long time. Work buildings have a short life expectancy, service and monumental buildings progressively longer, but a memorial is intended to live forever. In the course

time it must become a ruin. As a Magnificent Ruin the internalist must conceive it *ab initio*.

For this reason steel and concrete frames and cores, which may become exposed by the disintegration of the monumental shell, are out of place. Electrical displays, sound effects and mechanized mobile elements, for which the modern designer has a technological predilection, can present only an unanswerable maintenance problem in terms of eternity. Nothing but solid masonry, of the finest quality, most resistant nature, in large blocks, should be used in the construction of memorials. As far as possible these blocks should be subjected to no force but gravity. The Pyramids are the prototype. The technician can find satisfaction in perfecting modern machinery, which is more wonderful than all the forced hand labor of Khufu, to quarry, cut and move huge monolithic masses.

Internalist memorials should be democratically impersonal. Kings and Popes may have been looked on as the delegates of God in their own persons but presidents of the USA, even if they be martyred heroes, are only expressions of the popular will. The words and actions by which they have interpreted that will may well be carved in granite or cast in bronze but, by raising effigies in their honor, we can only make the person and dress of simple men of flesh and blood ridiculous by comparison with the physique of mythical gods and heroes and the robes of office of princes and prelates. Even the garments of the founding fathers are unfit for a deification ceremony.

None of these considerations moves the Externalist. The monumental shell of his memorials is applied like bathroom tile to steel and concrete frames. He perpetuates the exploded Ozymandias myth that the dignity and devotion of man's memory of a man are in direct ratio to the size of his statue. They bury the inward meaning of democracy in a shroud of meaningless substance.

You may question whether the blocks of stone I propose for internalist memorials are any more meaningful. Perhaps they are only more substantial. If such be the case, I suggest we take up the cry, "No More Memorials." At least they may better be embodied in endowments or in the written word.

I feel I have now reduced the number of potential monuments to their proper proportion in the building field. I have also shown why Internalists do not propose to produce any architecture to "take the place" of eclecticism, or Externalism, as

I have called it. In a few words I can say what they propose to "put in its place."

Externalist monumental buildings are better or worse (I have cited the worst examples) according to the talents of their designers and the degree to which they sacrifice the utility and dignity of internal space to an external appearance of artificial grandeur, yet they have one characteristic in common. They are all Honorific Symbols of the sort defined by Thorstein Veblen in his Theory of the Leisure Class. They are founded in the Doctrine of Conspicuous Waste. The silk hat and gold-headed cane were cited by Veblen as important symbols of this doctrine. The creators of styles for men have almost stopped producing these articles. Architects still produce designs for the Honorific Symbols of Externalism in almost unlimited quantity. The trouble is they can't any longer sell their wares. They are out of style and out of favor, as they realize full well.

Internalists have often erred in the opposite direction. Intent only on useful function they have discarded Honorific Symbolism entirely and reduced the art of monumental design to the level of a building trade.

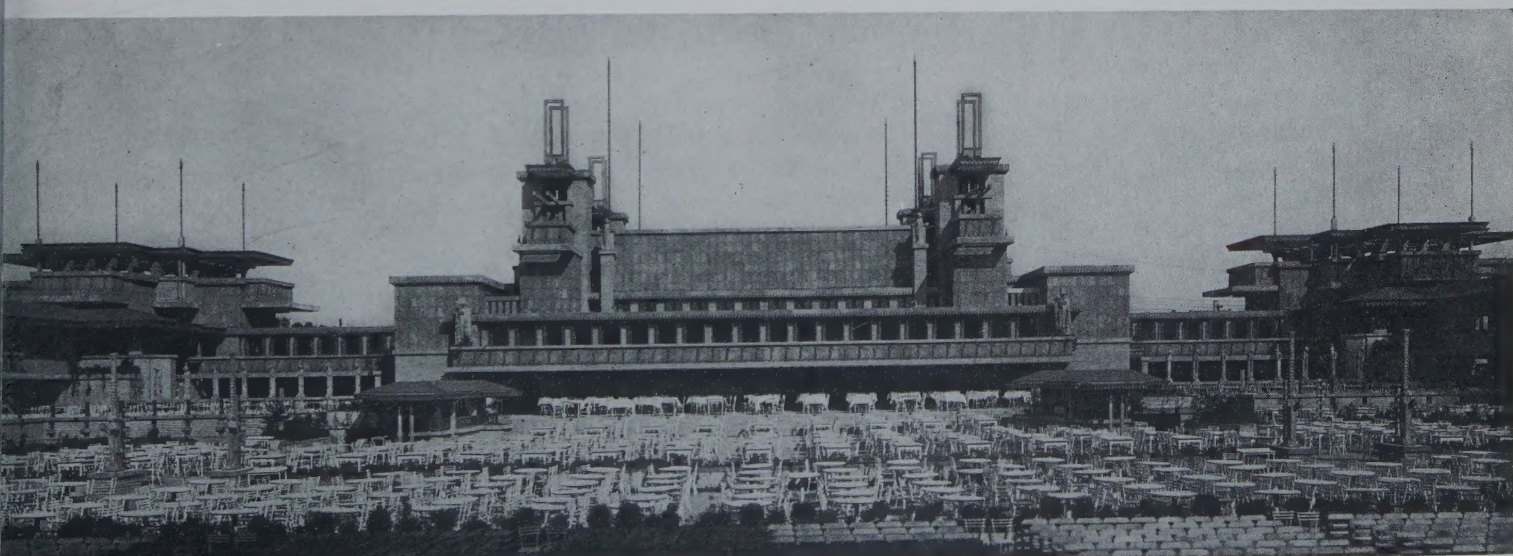
Now, Honorific Symbolism is of the essence of monumentality, but it need not be founded in the Doctrine of Conspicuous Waste. It can be founded in the Doctrine of Democracy, which I have already expounded. The monuments of democracy must be founded in the symbolism of democracy, they must return from the arbitrary scale of vanity to the human scale, from the boastful show of plutocracy to the dignity of honest men who wear felt hats to keep off the rain instead of silk hats to show that they can afford to hire a valet. At the same time they must express the richness and fullness of democratic life in their material expression and symbolic ornamentation.

In such works as the two you cite, the Red Rocks Auditorium at Denver, by Burnham Hoyt, and the design for the Smithsonian Museum in Washington, by Eliel and Eero Saarinen, the nature of the Internalist monumental building in the USA shows itself. At the same time we must not forget that it began to show itself many years ago in the early works of Frank Lloyd Wright. How about Unity Church and Midway Gardens?

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE HOWE.

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT: *Midway Gardens, Chicago, Illinois, 1913. "To me any hope for the future of architecture must lie in a fusing of this new international and intellectual asceticism of the industrial revolution with the rich, soil-rooted, and at the same time personal, planning philosophy of a Frank Lloyd Wright."*





CHARLES BURCHFIELD: *July, 1935-43, water color, 50 x 32 in. In the collection of the Frank K. M. Rehn Gallery, New York*

CHARLES BURCHFIELD

By E. P. RICHARDSON

BETWEEN the Appalachian Mountains and the Mississippi there stretches along the Great Lakes and south to the Ohio River a region several hundred miles long and several hundred wide which is one of the most fertile, busy and populous parts of North America. It is a rolling sweep of prairie and woodland and farmland, dotted with villages and towns and a score or more of huge, sprawling cities, some of which are among the largest in the world. Perhaps a fifth of all the people of the United States live in it—I do not know the figures—and probably a fifth of all the work done in the United States is done there, for it is both a great farming region and an industrial country, whose cities make themselves visible from miles away by a hanging smudge of smoke. It is as big as three or four European countries and it presents a marked uniformity of outward character.

But if someone were to ask, "What does it look like? What is that character, as it presents itself to the eye?" it would be hard to answer. There are art schools in most of its cities, in which many clever young students are taught every year how to draw and paint. But few of these seem interested to look carefully at the place where they live so as to tell you what it looks like. If they paint it at all, they pick out little details which give no general idea, or they change it to suit their own temperament.

The best way, I believe, to know what this region looks like, and feels like, is to look at the pictures of Charles Burchfield. Last spring Dr. Andrew C. Ritchie, director of the museum in

Buffalo, arranged a retrospective exhibition of his work which was a model of the way a vigorous, living artist should be exhibited and interpreted to his fellow citizens. It was a careful and complete representation of all phases of his work, sparsely exhibited and with both taste and dignity, and accompanied by an admirable catalogue. Very few American cities have given a contemporary American artist such a satisfying retrospective exhibition—but then, very few cities have an artist like Burchfield.

A big one-man exhibition is a fine gesture but it is also a dangerous test for the artist. Few painters, even among the best, escape giving a certain impression of monotony when one is faced with whole galleries filled with the ideas and techniques of a single man. One first significant thing about this exhibition is therefore that Burchfield's work when seen all together in eighty pictures, revealed a greater variety, warmth, richness of color, than I had known it to have. The exhibition was not repetitious because each picture had an original idea; it was not one idea repeated in many pictures, as so often happens even with very good painters.

Second, in his work from 1939 on Burchfield has passed into a new period of development. The pictures done since that year have an authority, a largeness of scale, a fully realized atmospheric style, that are on a different plane from his preceding work, excellent as the earlier things are also. Here, then, is the beginning of a vigorous mature talent—for he was forty-six in 1939—such as is rare in American painting. How many brilliant



CHARLES BURCHFIELD: *Winter, 1930-43, water color, 41 x 32 in. Collection of International Business Machines Corporation.*

young artists in their twenties we have, and have had in the past two generations, yet how few seem to have arrived at a ripened talent in their fifties! And the third thing that seemed to me significant is that he is not merely an observant artist but one whose mind by instinct deals with the typical. Burchfield might be called the antithesis of Salvador Dali. Dali strives to achieve the unique. "Look at me. I have thought of something absolutely novel," he cries, "no one ever before thought of this, or saw such a thing as this that I have painted." Burchfield, on the contrary, deals instinctively (rather than by conscious choice, for he wisely refuses to become self-conscious about his work) with things which are absolutely typical. His pictures are built upon sights which everyone living in this region had seen a thousand times until they seem as familiar as an old shoe. Occasionally Burchfield paints something which is a little out of the ordinary, like a striking bit of scenery, but these pictures never seem quite so interesting. He is at his best when he paints something so typical that everyone in this region will accept it at once as part of his everyday experience. That is why his many individual pictures, each intelligently and sensitively painted, become in the large so true a picture of the whole region where he paints.

Most people have the idea that the region where Burchfield lives, where he has always lived, and which he paints, is ugly. Let us not argue the point but simply say that it has a character. As one drives back and forth across through it, as I have done for years, one gathers a group of impressions that strike the eye and linger in the mind. It is a land of beautiful, wide earth and sky and horizon, but one in which men have not yet quite come into harmony with the earth. The things they have added to the land have still a raw and unformed look. Those that seem lasting do not yet appear to be one with the soil; and most of the things that men have made seem both recent and

decaying. The land spreads out without stone walls or hedges to a wide horizon under a burning summer sun or gray winter ceiling of clouds. The broad new automobile roads run hot and treeless across the fields, for the woodlands are set far back—although around Buffalo one still comes occasionally on fine rows of old trees lining the roadside and framing the rolling, fertile earth with their pleasant shadow.

The huge, sprawling, ugly, neglected cities remind one of a homely boy who has grown too fast and who looks awkward and shabby in his outworn clothes. It is pitiful to see anything so neglected and uncared for as these cities. Their sprawling melancholy is their character, but they have a dignity, too, like anything human, which Burchfield sees. In the villages and the country the houses stand up tall and boxlike in the style of the later nineteenth century and the wooden houses are often unpainted. The industrial forms are sometimes picturesque and striking. One remembers the pleasant bleached red of freight cars standing in the village sidings, a color note not seen anywhere in the world but America. The iron hulls of freighters tied up in the harbors, the concrete elevators, the iron-black railroad bridges, the concrete viaducts, the time-darkened wooden buildings left long unpainted—these are accents that strike the eye. The concrete roads cutting long straight slashes over the rolling earth have a certain strong, harsh character and the bridges and overpasses sometimes lift up with a Roman grandeur. The skies are important, as they are in country where the horizon is vast; though in winter the gray clouds and damp, smoky air close down upon the cities as if the sun would never come again. Then through the dusk over the flat fields or by the roadside, lights gleam warm from kitchen windows and the unpainted houses suddenly have the peace and welcome of home.

All this you see in Charles Burchfield's pictures. I do not



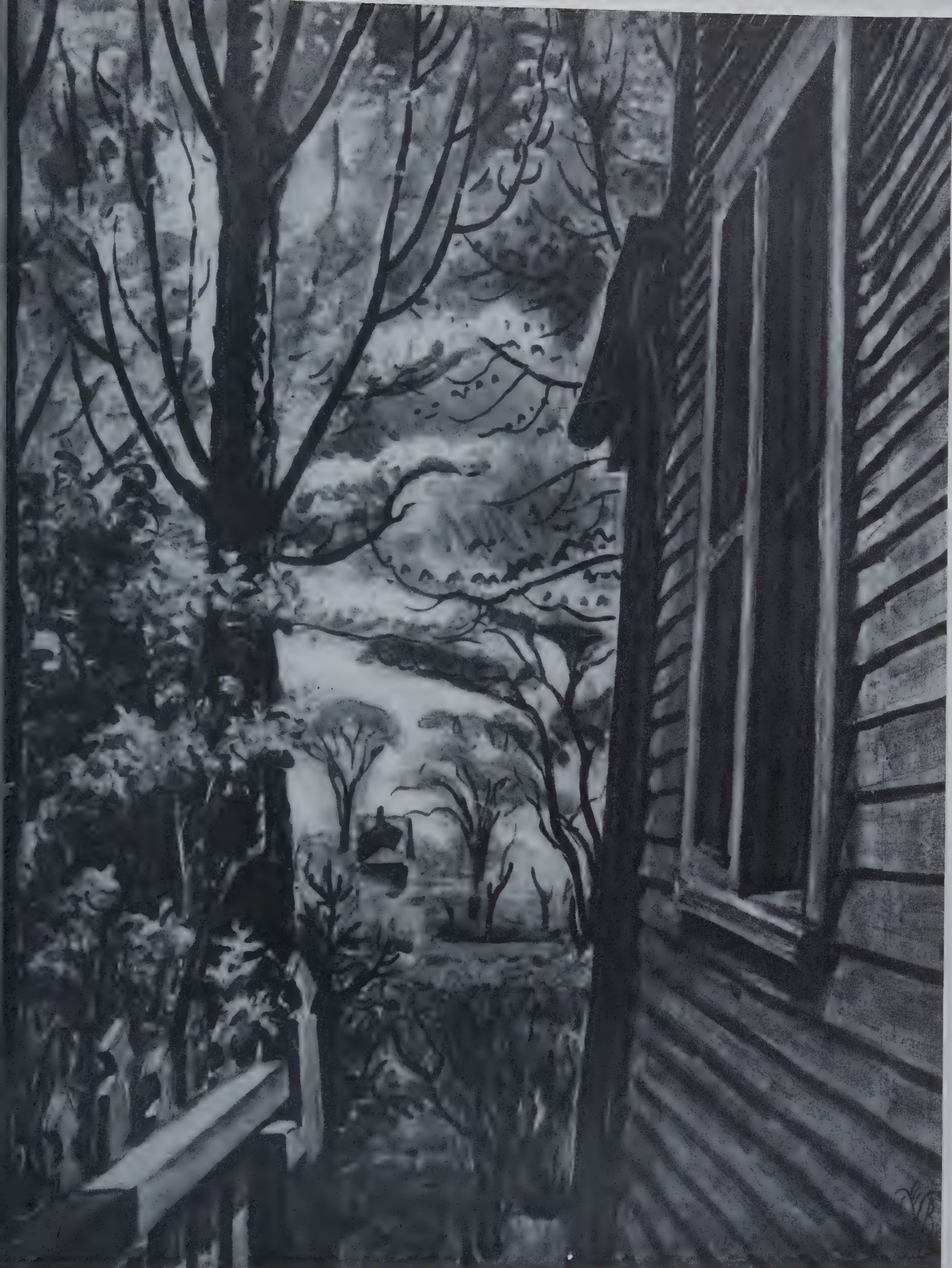
CHARLES BURCHFIELD: *Black Iron*, 1935, water color, 41 x 29 in. Coll. of the Frank K. M. Rehn Gallery. "The industrial forms are sometimes picturesque and striking. . . . The iron hulls of freighters tied up in the harbors, the concrete elevators, the iron-black railroad bridges, the concrete viaducts, the time-darkened wooden buildings left longunpainted—these are accents that strike the eye."

know where else you can see it so well. (It occurs to me that Buffalo may not like being linked with the west—for its people think of themselves as easterners—but geographically the middle west begins at Buffalo.) To the articulate opinion of the past two decades it has been inconceivable that any one could like this region, so that when Burchfield began to paint it he was hailed as a bitter satirist. The simple fact is that this is his world, therefore he made his art out of it. He has himself spoken of a brief period of revolt as a very young man, but this passed as soon as he found himself. I had never been able to find bitterness in his painting and therefore asked him about this reputation. "Things that are not done out of love, will not last," he said simply. "There is not a thing in this exhibit that I was not enthusiastic about, that I did not like when I painted it. I am not a satirist. I have had to live that down all my life. I simply tell the truth. I remember I once did a picture of a wooden store with a false front. I thought it was just kind of interesting—it seemed very American to me and I liked it. But in New York everybody thought it was a satire."

Part of this reputation for bitterness comes from the naive impression in the minds of city dwellers that rain, winter, gray skies, are detestable and therefore a man who paints them must do so because he wishes to proclaim his hatred of them. How true it is, as some one said, that in the city one is only conscious of the seasons by their discomforts. Burchfield has painted gray weather because he likes it; he says he can see form better on gray days. He likes best to paint the silver light of November and March, and the golden sunlight in August. He has always, he says, found the months of April, May, June and of September and October difficult to paint. March with its suggestion of spring coming, November with its suggestion of winter coming, excite him. So does the fruition of August. He had an idea once of painting a picture of each month but has made no progress with it: he painted October once but he does not like the picture now.

Burchfield is a deeply rooted human being. His self identification with the earth is very striking, especially when one sees

him at home. His house is in a tiny village, near to Buffalo but retaining its distinct village character. He lives in a small, quiet, inconspicuous, wooden house on the main street, with a pleasant view of Buffalo Creek across the road. It is a retiring house like its owner, not set far back from the street or aloof from its neighbors, but inconspicuous because it is so perfectly part of its environment. The artist and his wife and five children live the kind of healthy quiet life one associates with ten thousand such village houses. His neighbors are proud of him, but they also like him because they do not find him different from themselves. The house stands on a long narrow lot, with the studio behind at the end of a strip of grassy backyard bordered by trees and a narrow garden bed of wild flowers. A wandering path leads there, wet and sloppy on the rainy day of my visit. The studio is just such a little frame shack as one finds serving as a tool shed or hen house in the back of any such village home, except for its tall skylight. From the door, and out of the windows, one recognizes the subjects of many pictures. Inside, the walls are covered with cases stuffed with paper, boards, paints. A big table fills most of the floor, leaving only a narrow work space directly under the skylight, bounded by windows looking onto more garden, a victrola at one end, a hanging bookshelf at the other with a stuffed crow perched on its top. Overhead in the skylight is another stuffed crow and a beautiful dry thorn branch. There is an atmosphere of complete seclusion but not of isolation. Symphonic music which he plays on the victrola is one of his chief relaxations. Another is going to the movies, which he finds good relaxation, especially when he is having trouble with a picture. Among the books on his studio shelves I noticed Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio," several books of Yeats, Henri's "Art Spirit," Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," most of the great Russians, especially Gorki (his favorite) and Gogol, "Moby Dick," Knut Hamsun's "Wanderers," Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm," "Till Eulenspiegel," Rolvag, Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," Cather's "My Antonia," two volumes of Jim Tully, three volumes of Rolland's "Jean Christophe." There



CHARLES BURCHFIELD: *House Corner in Spring*, 1942, water color, 25½ x 34 in. In the collection of the Encyclopedia Britannica.



CHARLES BURCHFIELD: *The Edge of Town*, 1921-41, water color, 40 x 27 in. William Rockhill Nelson Galley of Art, Kansas City. "In the country the houses stand up tall and boxlike in the style of the later 19th century, and the wooden houses are often unpainted."

with his work and his family, his victrola and books and the movies, he lives as he says "the life of a hermit. There are other artists I might see. But I find my work goes better if I don't have a social life. Social life interferes."

Burchfield is the village American grown articulate, expressing in his work the deep sense of home which the Americans from these crossroads towns, now abroad in the armed forces, display so fervently and—to the rootless intellectuals who report it—so unexpectedly.

But if the roots of an artist's life are important, so is his art. In the past five years Burchfield's work has achieved a new scale and a quality I can only describe as authority, that mark a period in his development. Partly this is because the firm sense of pattern shown in his early work, with its vigorous linear quality and sharp flat color areas, has gradually developed into and been absorbed into a mastery of light and tone, forming now a broad and sober atmospheric technique. *The Edge of Town* (1921-42), *Budding Poplar Branches* (1942), *House Corner in Spring* (1942), *July* (1935-43) and *Winter* (1930-43) were the chief examples of this last phase in this exhibition. These pictures have the same power that one sees in a Pieter de Hooch, to make a few walls and the roofs of some old buildings or the corner or a garden, and the light on a wall, or a tree branch, take on an extraordinary life. All his sense of pattern and the great solidity of his forms is absorbed in the unifying air and light.

Partly this authority comes from the conquest of a difficulty—

Burchfield is hindered by the lack of gasoline. He cannot drive freely around docks and railroad yards of Buffalo as he used to. Perhaps he could get a pass but "the guards would bother you. And then just the fact that you have to show what you do to the authorities, has an inhibiting effect on me. I always used to go and paint whatever I liked, with complete freedom." So instead of painting as he used to, he has been going back to his old water colors—those which he still liked, because he felt they achieved something, but which have not been sold, as he realized now, because he had not quite achieved his idea. He does not like to begin them over again on a new sheet of paper, for he feels that when he loses something that was in the first. But he likes to use the original as a kind of under-painting for a picture of the things he can see in that subject now. He does this by mounting the original sheet of paper on a larger board, then mounting fresh strips of paper around the edge. By this process a small early subject grows into a larger picture (*Winter*, for instance grew from 27 x 40 to 32 x 41). The scale is larger because he has more to say now than he did ten or twenty years ago. The result of this process of enlargement and meditation are such pictures as *July*, in which the fruition of summer heat and golden wheat fields seen through a row of trees, or *Winter*, in which the life of old buildings and a wonderfully ponderous effect of evening, of darkness moving in and blotting out the sky (a thing which he excels in painting), are given a monumental dignity that I found very impressive.

Milton Hebard at work in the Republic Aviation Corporation plant at Farmingdale, Long Island, New York. "I recall an airplane water tank so lovely I'm certain that it would send shivers down Brancusi's spine."



PHOTOS COURTESY REPUBLIC AVIATION CORPORATION.

SCULPTOR IN AN AIRPLANE FACTORY

By MILTON HEBALD

MANY painters and sculptors of my acquaintance are working in large war industry centers in diverse fields—drafting, tool designing, shipbuilding, and so on. It is to be expected that this training will leave its mark on their work, as I am certain it will on mine. The work that I have been doing for more than two years—model making and molding in a bronze foundry—is selected with much deliberation. It represents, in fact, the satisfaction of a long-felt need on my part. Because I work at Republic Aviation on Long Island, I am tempted to describe a typical wartime aircraft plant, but I think everyone is by now acquainted with swingshift Mazie and the bicipitous Rosie the Riveter with their rise from the ignominious kitchen routine to the Army-Navy E. So I shall concentrate upon the work I do, and what I can expect of it in relation to my sculptural ideas. (Incidentally, though, I think that a good movie could be made—an abstract cinema poem showing the people at work, the machines in motion, the plane assuming shape, and finally taking off.)

There is a great deal of material for creative sculpture all about me, subject matter galore—to me at any rate. After all, have I not in the past ten years repeatedly portrayed man in industry without ever having worked in a factory? There is some question in my mind as to whether it is right to be completely wrapped up in the work one derives creative inspiration from, but then again, I probably will not put any of it into sculptural form until it is sifted and assimilated, in spite of esthetic images impatient to be recorded in material. The half-naked sweating foundrymen pouring molten bronze into huge molds, with the heat, the smoke, and the always potential danger of the foundry—or perhaps the assembly line with multitudes of workers, each at his task, and the deafening roar of minute noises, with the planes moving slowly to completion, each one slowly starting as nothing and drawing countless parts to itself like a magnet, and finally emerging as a thunderbolt. This is the stuff from which a modern "Last Judgment" might be made.

An important influence upon the artist in these large plants is the discipline and methods of procedure. Certain results are to be achieved and a specific time is given in which to do the job; therefore things move rapidly. If an artist could work in ten hour stretches as a workman, think how much could be done! There is, of course, that small factor called "inspiration." But use of the proper tools and the shop technique of working in methodical stages to bring about a pre-arranged result is a valuable lesson indeed. The insistence upon absolute completion and finish in model making is also important, although a sculptor might set different standards for surface and form.

The work that I am occupied in at present is extremely gratifying to a sculptor. My job is constructing three dimensional mock-ups of plaster models which range in size and shape, and are simplified and abstract, not infrequently with an organic form. I recall an airplane water tank so lovely, I'm certain that it would send shivers down Brancusi's spine. Although I am not an abstract artist, my concern in sculpture has been toward simplified forms. Therefore I was properly amazed with the large abstract shapes which I saw about me. I have always been aware of the beauty in mechanical forms, yet somehow these were all "à la Léger" confined to the straight line and circle, and, for my taste, a bit too mechanical. It had not occurred to me that machine forms change, or rather that as art changes, so does machine form. Perhaps it boils down to which came first—Brancusi's *Egg* or the entire wealth of industrial design which followed?

When the industrial revolution was threshing itself out, it was deemed an esthetic necessity that these machines, so ugly to their contemporaries, be embellished with the lighter hand of art, and in general, that they superficially follow the design of the non-machine age. For example, consider one of the cast iron objects made during the last half of the 19th century, a coal stove, not a bad shape in itself. But given some renaissance ornament in excess, it becomes something ridiculous. However, all that self-termed elegance came to an end after



Belly of a Thunderbolt on the assembly line. "... the innards of a plane consist of a thickly packed mass of ducts and tanks ... all influenced by one another in shape just as the internal organs of the human body are formed by the pressure of related members."

the last war. When America came to herself industrially the horseless carriage metamorphosed into the automobile, a conveyance which was still quite angular and stiff. I recall an illustration of one of these cars of the issue 1925 in Elie Faure's "Spirit of the Forms" sung in highly framed words as the last word in "This New American Functional Design." It is quite ludicrous compared with our own streamlined machines where form follows function.

In an introduction to aviation work I was told that the usual three-view blueprints were obsolete. Aeroplane prints are designed on the principle of lofting, which is done entirely by profiles or templates, one simple form sometimes having a dozen or so different profiles. This is done so that curved surfaces can be translated into blueprint form. When I had seen these designs for sections of the aeroplane, internal and external forms each with an individual beauty of its own, I asked how these shapes came to be designed—who planned them? I imagined, perhaps, that they were designed as arbitrarily as a piece of sculpture. I was told that these artistic forms, so Arp-like, were carefully designed by aerodynamic engineers, extremely competent fellows, many of whom had a certain degree of the esthetic in them. Those very pleasing bosses and depressions were each located with a maddening degree of precision. What pleased me most was that these forms, though completely non-objective, were extremely organic, resembling nothing so much as the internal organs of a fish or bird. I found this arose from the same conditions that caused nature to create as she has. For example, in architecture we find two principles, either the outside shape or facade is gov-

erned by the inside rooms as in much modern architecture or else, as with most antique creations, the facade was conceived of first by the architect, and the rooms made to fit inside it. Now in most things mechanical, the "works" were the important element determining the shape. The aeroplane, on the other hand, founded many new principles. The laws of aerodynamics insist upon an exterior as smooth and graceful as a dolphin or swallow, and bearing pretty much the same lines, whereas, the innards of a plane consist of a thickly packed mass of ducts and tanks with a regular venular system of wires—all influenced by one another in shape just as the internal organs of the human body are formed by the pressure of related members.

I point out this comparison because it has influenced me deeply as a sculptor. But although things mechanical fascinate me, I believe that my goal in art is in organic rather than geometric paths. Model making has probably done more to convince me of this than all the sculpture created by Giacometti, Moore, Arp and others of their school. These aviation patterns are the product of many minds, born entirely of function with no consideration for the esthetic, the important factors being air-flow, space, volume and the shapes immediately surrounding the model.

In constructing these models—patterns for the foundry models to be used for drop-hammer dies and experimental models so that the engineers can see their plans in concrete form—an immense amount of technical knowledge of production operations must be understood by the plaster model maker. He must take into consideration shrinkage, and the metal flow in the foundry pattern, and the principles of sheet-metal structure in planning the dies. Thus, in industry, as in art, the form is greatly influenced by the material into which it is ultimately realized.

Of what particular value is this to a sculptor? A great deal, I should say. With all the talk of media and materials that pervaded the artistic generation in which I was a student there was little evidence of materials being put to their functional use. A sculptor should be in essence a designer of things beautiful and expressive; and the selection of the medium for his ideas is an important phase of his work. The differences between oil, tempera, or fresco are not radical enough to really alter a painter's inspiration. The potential differences in bronze, say, and stone, are tremendous, not only in surface and color but in quality of form achieved: stone lends itself to solid, massive, broad and simple surfaces whereas bronze is in every sense the opposite type. This knowledge is general with most modern sculptors, as are the characteristics of wood, terra cotta, plaster, etc. But what of the modern materials which the war has advanced, such as stainless steel (in cast form as in Noguchi's Radio City base relief or in repousse as Andrév treated the colossal statues at the Russian building at the World's Fair), or beaten dural or plastic which can be poured, pressed, molded under heat or carved? These mediums require much consideration from the sculptor, and have a form all their own.

Probably the biggest weakness in the sculptors who spoke most of materials was that they were specialists, men who worked solely in one material to the exclusion of all other media. Sculptors of this type sought limitation in the hope that the results achieved would set them apart from others and give them that divine goal—in individual personality. I believe this unimportant if the resulting work be mediocre anyhow. The idea that a work of art be different from its fellows is not bad, but when that difference consists merely of making all heads with long noses so that the observer may say "Ah, that must be so and so's sculpture. I can recognize the nose,"—that

bad. Yet this is one of the ideals set forth by the galleries, arbiters of modern art. Actually, individuality of this type is of little importance in relation to architecture where the work shows up as good or bad.

To get back to materials again, let us assume that there is a proper medium for each work of sculpture, depending upon its function, form, and its harmony with its surroundings. It follows then that the sculptor should not only understand why a particular medium is selected, but should be equipped to execute the work itself.

I see no reason why the sculptor should not enter the field of functional design. There is much that can be done to a piece of silverware, a ceramic bowl, an automobile, or a radio cabinet. The sculptor has been freed from the limitations bound on the north by the human nude, and with the portrait bust, animal sculpture, and ornament bringing up the other extremes of the compass. Abstraction, while not an end in itself, has done much to show the way out. This, combined with the technical choice of materials industry offers, can bring about the sculptor-designer. Of course, there are excellent men who come under this category; for example—Noguchi and José de Rivera. Noguchi, I know, has been occupied in the past with various functional projects ranging from a cement children's playground to a cabinet designed for Zenith Radio Corporation in 1937, which has won many awards in the plastic industry. The esthetic element must always be present in design. If we are to bestow a soul on a spittoon, it will never be achieved by technique alone.

I have been comparing notes with David Smith, who has been welding in wartime as he did in peacetime, though on tanks instead of on abstract statues. We have agreed that the sculptor's studio must undergo a radical change. We expect in the future to do our own casting of metal; therefore a furnace is indispensable; also a kiln for terra cotta and materials for repoussé work. This is quite a different picture from the studio of a generation ago which was considered primarily as a place to model even though the finished sculpture be in marble or bronze. A buxom lass placed on the model stand together with a cogwheel or sheath of wheat were stock formulae for industry or agriculture. That benign laurel-crowned lady, while always a pleasure to gaze upon (and she has been gazed upon for quite a few centuries), has outlived her usefulness. A new type of allegory is being evolved, based upon a more realistic

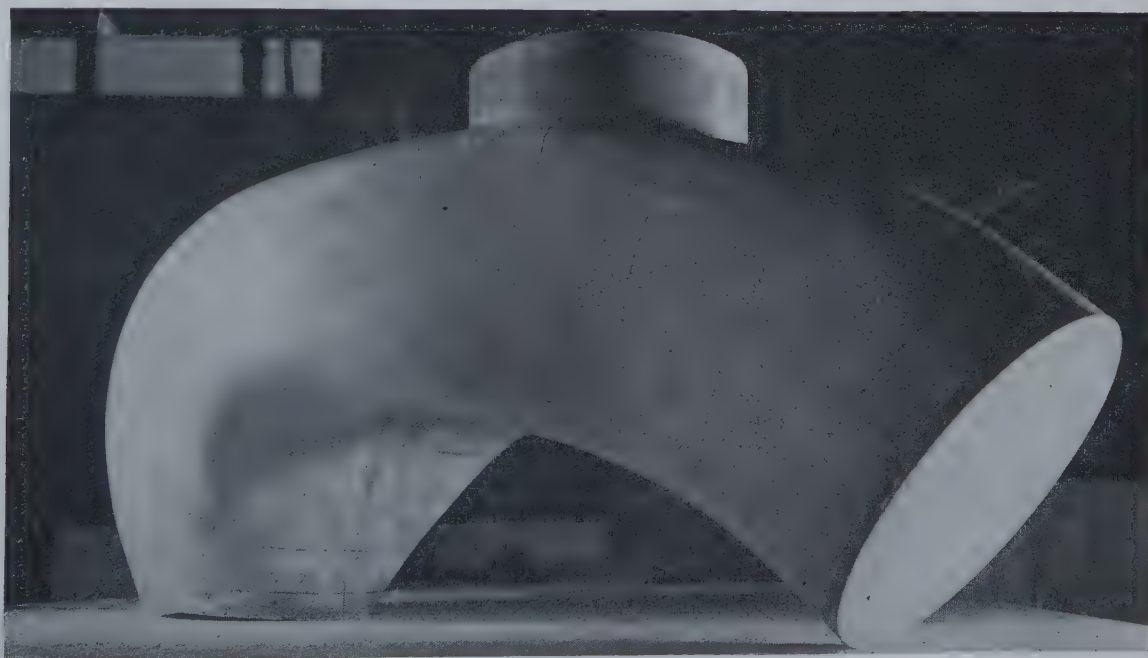
rendition of the subject. In industry there is much inspiration for sculpture; the craftsman working at his bench is reminiscent of the genre Gothic carvings on Chartres; while the half-finished airship with groups of men and women riveting, assembling, etc. is really heroic sculpture, waiting to be made.

When sculptors were essential to a civilization they were highly skilled craftsmen, versed in every creative technique of the period. The esteemed sculptors of the renaissance were excellent technicians; Michelangelo had no peers among marble carvers. Varsari remarks that Michelangelo, when working on his *Pieta*, was close to ninety years of age but that he drove the chisel home with the vigor of any three young men. Cellini knew his crafts better than anyone in Italy. The chapter in his "Autobiography" in which he describes the casting of Perseus reveals his remarkable understanding of foundry technique. He was equipped to work with equal skill in gold, silver, jewels, or stone. There certainly was no differentiation between sculpture and craft in those days, and there certainly should be none today. The finish of a statue is of equal importance to its conception and inseparable from it, and should be executed by the same hand.

The complete knowledge of materials and mechanics is not new; rather it is the timeless tradition of the sculptor. His hand has been felt in all civilizations. In primitive, oriental, medieval, or renaissance art there is scarcely an article whose form he has not influenced or whose surface he has not embellished, whether it be a pot, a doorway, or an implement of war. In our time it is no accident that commercial objects such as lamps, ashtrays, and automobiles have all been re-designed; they are the spiritual children of Brancusi. Even now these same functional objects are losing their hard outlines and geometric precision and are tending toward an organic simplicity. This is where the sculptor should cooperate.

I cannot dissociate the role of the sculptor from the life about him. He must be more than a supercargo in the post-war period; his inspiration and skill are needed to help plan and build it. In every endeavor where solid form is contemplated, the sculptor-designer has something vital to add. Why not use him? If I have emphasized the understanding of techniques in modern materials it is because I believe it to be an important phase of modern sculpture. It is essential in the training necessary to make the sculptor an integral part of the moving world, which he must translate into solid and permanent form.

Plaster model for a duct such as those shown on opposite page. "My job is constructing three-dimensional mock-ups of plaster models which range in size and shape, and are simplified and abstract, not infrequently with an organic form."





MOUNT: *Seascape with Punt*, 1852, oil on paper, 9¾ x 13⅞. Coll. of Mrs. Scott Kider, Newton, Mass. "More spontaneous and lively in color than his exhibition pictures are the charming small 'palette sketches', usually painted on oiled paper, which he made for his own pleasure and practice from the forties on. In these little landscape sketches made on the spot he often uses brilliant color, and achieves a wide range of atmospheric effect."

WILLIAM SIDNEY MOUNT: 1807-1868

By BARTLETT COWDREY and HERMANN WARNER WILLIAMS, JR.

The following paragraphs and accompanying illustrations are from a book with the above title to be published soon for the Metropolitan Museum of Art by the Columbia University Press.

—EDITOR.

"In any appraisal of Mount's works two qualities are conspicuous—their individuality and their Americanism. And each is to a large degree dependent upon Mount's adherence to the guiding principle of his artistic *credo*: the study of nature. The individuality of his paintings stands out in marked contrast to the underlying gray-sameness of the contemporary landscapists of the so-called Hudson River School: Cole, Durand, Doughty, Kensett. In his notebooks he stresses the need for individuality, saying: 'Paint in a different style from others as regards size & subject' and 'Paint familiar pictures comic heads, & Groups—or single figures—any kind of a picture that will be artistic and true to nature. Follow the bent of your own mind—do not paint to order. Please yourself as to subject. When I painted to please myself I was myself—when one paints to order he sells his birthright.' Mount originated his own ideas, imbuing them with the quality of his own temperament and philosophy. He found his settings in the vicinity of his studio and his models among his fellow townfolk. In fact, almost all the figures in his genre scenes are actual portraits. It is worth noting that in spite of his closeness to the city and his frequent visits to New York he is not known to have produced a single painting of city life.

"He was convinced that the artist should get out and paint people doing things, for he wrote in advice to himself: 'Paint pictures in private houses—also, by the way side—in Porter saloons, Black smith shops—shoe shops where ever character can be found—and not be confined to your *studio* . . .' The italics are his. It is largely because he did just that that his

paintings do not have that 'studio look' which vitiates the works of such painters as J. G. Brown and Thomas W. Wood. Brown's shoe blacks are so many small actors who, having just doffed their Little Lord Fauntleroy suits, were dressed in the rags provided by the studio slop chest, and had their freshly scrubbed faces artificially smutted with lamp black. Mount's pictures have the strength of actuality and a real insight into the character of the subjects portrayed.

"The content of the paintings is as simple, direct, and unaffected as the personality of the artist. While he did not see deeply into the life he painted, he worked honestly, even if somewhat superficially, but was blind to the significant human emotional values inherent in his subjects which truly great artists such as Goya, Millet, or the Le Nains had found so impelling when they painted like subject matter. Fortunately, his clear mind was not befogged by the miasma of sentimentality that clouded the work in this vein of many American artists of about the same time—Eastman Johnson and J. G. Brown among others. It is true, however, that at the very close of his life, when his powers were flagging, some of his drawings and oil sketches for paintings which were not carried out smack of a Victorian sentimentality. Mount, unlike his British contemporaries Leslie and Wilkie, did not choose to depict polite society in its self-conscious prettiness. Nor did he have the inclination which was prevalent at the time to paint antiquarian or 'after-the-fact' pictures, such as the *Landing of the Pilgrims*, or representations of bygone customs. The contemporary classification of Mount's work was 'humorous description and comic satire,' and within the limits implied by these terms most of his paintings fall. 'His best works are . . . humorous pastorals, with sweetness and fine-tempered satire (where there is any at all); no bitterness, no moral obliquity or personal deformity impair

their effect . . . ' His was not a didactic nature, and his paintings rarely point a moral. Mount is a reporter, albeit with tongue in cheek, not a reformer or a propagandist. When, as in *Loss and Gain*, he paints a drunkard watching the precious liquid seep into the ground out of his reach, he has no social message to deliver. He had, as Alden J. Spooner wrote in the *NEW YORK EVENING POST* after the artist's death: ' . . . the nicest appreciation of that delicate humor which bubbles up everywhere in happy life, and his pencil could catch it with a stroke as felicitous as that of the pen of Goldsmith.' His paintings illustrate the un-self-conscious ability of the Yankee to recognize his eccentricities, his failings, if you will, and to laugh at himself without shame or loss of self-esteem or desire of change. His reporting is sly and is calculated to bring a chuckle. His paintings tell a story in a way which is, at a glance, intelligible, and being without affectation, credible. Few of the works of his maturity are illustrative of other people's ideas. For Mount did not follow the then current vogue of producing paintings of incidents in literature, such as the scenes from the works of Washington Irving done by John Quidor and Charles Deas and those from James Fenimore Cooper by William Dunlap.

Mount realized the limits of his public's knowledge of art. The criticism of the average person at that time was confined to whether or not a painting represented in a realistic way the setting, attire, and action appropriate to the situation depicted. Therefore, he painted only what he knew his public could understand and appreciate because it was part and parcel of their daily life. His aim is expressed in a note in the *Whitney Journal*: 'Paint pictures that will take with the public—never paint for the few, but the many.'



MOUNT: *A Farmer Whetting His Scythe*, 1848, oil on canvas, 20 x 24. " . . . toning over the Sky & distance, with blue, red, and yellow . . . giving a beautiful aerial warmth." Coll. of Edwin Hewitt, N. Y.

MOUNT: *The Fence on the Hill*, c. 1850, oil on paper, mounted on cardboard, 8½ x 13⅞. Rich autumn reds and browns. Private coll.



ART AND THE DECLINE OF THE

By GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

THE BOURGEOIS displaced the aristocrat as patron of the arts a long time ago. The money had gone over to him. But the power it gave him was never so great as the aristocrat's. This may be because it was never so romantically idealized. There are certainly other reasons. The position of the lord means more than mere power. Even when his subjects have ceased to believe in divine right the glamour of that right continues to shine a little. The captain of finance wears no chevrons. While he should appeal just as much to the imagination, as a rugged individual or even as a pirate, he much more frequently arouses the little green monster in men—for he, after all is said, is one of themselves.

Where the aristocrat commissioned pictures, the bourgeois buys them ready made. The burgomaster patron of the Little Dutch Masters was the original bourgeois of the Renaissance. He had enough hangover from the aristocratic majesties so that he could commission altar pieces and show some dignity in the portraits of him, especially when they were painted by that connoisseur of old masters, Rembrandt van Ryn. It is because he was a bourgeois and new to power as well as philanthropy that the altar pieces were usually flanked by donor portraits. But majesty must have seemed somewhat outmoded to him. He was a man of substance, solid perhaps to the point of stolidity and never given to the telling or to the living of completely impractical fairy tales: let the fool aristocrat live them if he liked. His substance was far more tangible than anything so effete as majesty. In the portraits of the Little Dutch Masters he was usually surrounded by irrefutable proof of that substance—an array of highly polished possessions. He would often be shown holding his wife by the hand, his wife whose unborn child will, with good luck, soon be another addition to his wealth. Here are no imponderables. Here is reality—a glamour which borrows nothing from tradition and is safe against the hollow mockery in attendance when the two and two of a heraldic name no longer makes four.

The aristocrat became a dancing master in time, a maker of pretty phrases, an agile tripper in a world of solidly planted feet—a butterfly. The aristocrat is ruled by honor, wrote Montesquieu, the republican by virtue. The republican's legs at one time resembled the trunks of trees. His virtue shone like his possessions. He was young, strong, firm in his convictions.

It did not occur to the good merchant of Amsterdam that the possession of any great work of art was enough to prove his wealth. Greater fortunes were to turn to that device later. He employed living painters to portray the possessions which his comparatively meagre one enabled him to acquire. He was extremely simple. His display could be also, without minimizing the extent of his wealth. His class had the virulence of its youth—an almost fanatical belief in itself. It never questioned its procedure in anything. It did not even question its taste.

Introspection was to attack and probably weaken his progeny. Years of painfully satirical criticism has managed here and there to puncture the thick hide of the faith in the ultimate power of money. Fatuousness and pompousness are not necessarily impregnable. The accepted caricature of the bourgeois makes a point of his befuddlement. He has certainly been befuddled in art. The New York banker was driven, after many

mournful experiences, to the conclusion that the only good painter is a perfectly accredited dead one. He had spent some time in rather reckless abandon before coming to this conclusion. The pleasure in buying that which you like, however, may be destroyed by the discredit it heaps upon you. Besides, for while a painting by a living man might, luck holding, flatter his taste, it could never, no matter how many chattels were portrayed in it, announce in any commensurate way the extent of a truly enormous fortune.

Here it is necessary to go back for a moment to France in the Third Republic. That is the one that has recently gone under—where the name bourgeois was particularly applicable. His republic followed upon the heels of the third Napoleon's Empire. He may have had some financial interest in that. But he was, on the surface, a very staunch man. He had little patience with the mockers in the world. The bourgeois never has. Like the Dutch one he also stood with his feet firmly planted in good earth, perhaps even a bit imbedded there, for neither his body nor his mind ever moves quickly. Imagination was a property of the music halls and well enough there, providing it maintained a certain decorum in its jokes on the moneyed classes. He wanted things to be well done, thoroughly, and never temporarily or experimentally. His belongings were manufactured with precision and exactitude by expert hands. No detail, no matter how obscure, was ever neglected in them. He had his coterie of painters. Staunch men also, these, who could be counted on never to overstep in any direction: men like Jean Paul Laurens, Boucher, Carolus Durand, Tony Robert Fleury, Bouguereau. These men reflected his virtues. They painted good and proper republican grandeurs with infinite exactitude. No inch in their canvases was left to the ridiculously errant mercies of imagination. These men were honest workmen. They were not dreamers. And if they ever became frivolous, as Bouguereau sometimes did, this was never done in the spirit of mockery. Indeed, this frivolity, while heavy handed enough, had a pardonable innocence. And when they were nudes they were nymphs—not bad women on beds, like Manet's Olympia—and the smiles they gave you had nothing whatever to do with the bagnio.

And then of course there were also military painters like Meissonier, Detaille and de Neuville who could watch a charge of cavalry and catch the regimental numbers on the collars of the riders as they stormed past. But then the military have a disturbing arrogance. They mark honor higher than virtue. On the side of the aristocracy, they could hardly be expected to hold a very respectable place in a bourgeois salon.

At the same time there existed and was growing in New York City an upper middle class in basic accord with its Parisian counterpart. The New Yorker was of a newer civilization than his Parisian confrere, although not necessarily of a more parvenu class. He could not believe, however, given that background of his, that his art should ever be as strong as his drink. Art should not remind one of the deeper emotions, which were his private property; nor of the flesh, which could hold no respectable place in a public hearing. Art should somehow certainly manage to cover awkwardness with elegance, the elegance in richness, even go so far as to manage giving the lie to

BOURGEOISIE

truth. Not going so far either, this, when one took a good look at the lives these bourgeois themselves led.

But they also, and nevertheless, were staunch men. And though they may not have been too squeamish in money matters they certainly held to a great pretense of morals in others. The moral front must be kept intact, be faultless. Any good business man knows that. The peak of the arc of that society was reached in the Four Hundred when that elite body was led by Mrs. William Waldorf Astor. They believed in the power and the social precedence of money. They believed in all outward manifestations of integrity. They believed in the importance of doing their duty to society and consistently set an example to those legions of slimmer pursed republicans with whom they had practically no other association. They made a show of the plain and sensible virtues. They distrusted imagination. Their belongings were manufactured inside as well as out by expert hands of the best materials obtainable. No detail, no matter how obscure, was ever neglected by them. They were invulnerable to the prying eyes of the most astute snooper.

What could be more natural than that, for a time, their paintings, like those of the Vanderbilt collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, should come from the academic Paris salons as ladies' dresses came from the fashionable Paris modistes.

The bourgeois ideal is pedestrian. It can only soar to great heights in its conception of a very tangible matter, like a pile of gold. It is more interested in the manner of a work, let me write to save time, than in its message. In our own time the popular prize selected by the votes of the upper and lower middle class at "important" contemporary exhibitions is usually awarded to the most accurately resemblant work. The man who neglects neither holes nor thread nor highlight on a button in this approach is considered far more important than the man who, never seeing them at all, renders a magnificent example of the power and truth of human imagination. The bourgeois wants the facts. His life is a matter of fact. His art must be also. He has so much faith in the camera's accuracy he can have none in the sky flights of imagination or in the preckless interpreter or, as he would say, falsifier of matters of fact. He likes the roll of the ocean when it is held in check, made as static as his own philosophy, by the camera eye of a Frederick Waugh. He cannot abide the tempestuous and mobile uneasiness of one from the brush of Mattson. He has no patience for the radicalism of any kind. He has an overpowering dread of truth. He would gladly bridle the world. The bourgeois has replaced the aristocrat's sword with a damper. It is the device of appeasement. He is a temporizer. While his standards change with time their evolution is almost imperceptible.

Benjamin Altman was a good merchant and a perfect bourgeois. His collection of paintings by the old masters, now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is as an absolute proof of that as well as a most revealing reflection of the essential taste and character of its maker. It contains no single item of merchandise which could, by the trickiest imagination, be considered to be casually thrown together. Its artists are honest workmen who never slight any part of any project in which they engage. The collection contains no damaged goods. It contains no aristocratic and fanciful as well as untrustworthy flights of imagi-



JAN VAN EYCK: *Portrait of Jan Arnolfini and His Wife, 1434. National Gallery, London.* "Here is reality—a glamour . . . safe against the hollow mockery in attendance when two and two of a heraldic name no longer make four."

REMBRANDT: *Old Woman Cutting Her Nails, 1648. Benjamin Altman Collection, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.*





LOUIS BOUCHET: *Family Group*, 1812, Detroit Institute of Arts. "They painted good and proper republican grandeurs with infinite exactitude. . . . They were honest workers . . . not dreamers."

WILLIAM BOUGUEREAU: *Music of the Sea*, 1884. "If they ever became frivolous, as Bouguereau sometimes did, this was never done in the spirit of mockery. Indeed, this frivolity, while heavy handed enough, had a pardonable innocence. And when they were nudes they were nymphs . . ."



nation. It contains no Venuses symbolizing spring by standing with unbelievable, other world grace, upon an insecure half shell. It does contain, on the other hand, the portrait of an old woman paring her nails. This collection does not trifle with fantasy. Its two feet are firmly planted upon solid ground. The majesty which creeps into its Rembrandts has nothing to do with the pretense of the monarchial system. As one may see in this old woman paring her nails it is bred, bare of all aristocratic paraphernalia, in humanity itself.

It may be that the good merchant is the ideal bourgeois. He is never a social butterfly. He is rarely a prominent member of fashionable society. He cannot very readily throw those solidly planted feet into the artful and agile cadences of a dance. His traditions demand that he be a man of solid parts and dignified mien, a man at his best seated in a solid arm chair behind a bowl and a pipe, a man at home in the good old dependable commonplaces of conversation.

Around Benjamin Altman in Manhattan a new bourgeoisie was coming into power. Composed largely of bankers and brokers it dealt in money and money alone. It was on a high adventure. It gambled in the destinies of tremendous enterprises. It had, sometimes, a more worried look and always a more ruthless determination. It produced nothing and, while it acquired tremendous fortunes, it believed in nothing. A collection like the one made by Mr. John Pierpont Morgan had no character whatever and showed not the slightest hint of personal taste. It consisted of masterpieces as heterogeneous, though certainly of higher standards, as collections formed at a Parisian flea market. It proved one thing very definitely. It proved that Mr. Morgan had power. On that score it was a superb boast, a magnificent show window. But at his death it was very soon dispersed. No one in his family nor his entourage considered that it might make a great monument to him.

Living art was not touched by this higher bourgeoisie. The purchase of Salon pictures had proved to be a very bad investment. The flurry in the works of the modern Dutchman and the school of Barbizon was not much better. With the colonial background not yet faded out of sight the American painter could not be taken seriously. He could not be mentioned in the same breath with the paintings of the mother countries. The power which money lent this new bourgeois was too new to him, too strange, to have dug deeply enough within him to awaken his social consciousness. This new money was very precious. It outdid patriotism in that. It was beyond all other considerations. The feudal lord was, more often than not, the patron of his subjects. Like the slave owner in our own South he took care of his own and could even, not infrequently, do it through humanitarian or fatherly impulses. The American millionaire owned neither slaves nor subjects in the literal sense. He was, to use a good American word, beholden to nobody. The literal sense was one he could most readily understand. The factually was his god. It was a barricade behind which he could only thought he could sit in absolute security with an easy, if somewhat smug, conscience. His workmen were willing to work for that which he paid them—that was then enough. His power made him feel independent of the country in which he lived. He owed nothing to it either. A little more feeling of ownership might have aroused in him a greater feeling of patriotism. It is conceivable, in any case, that the Duke of Chicago might take more pride in his domain than its political boss whose un-inherited dominance could seem to be, at best, quite precarious. To the boss it would certainly then seem far wiser to take when the taking was good than to give to or to build upon a quicksand. The capitalist attitude rarely ran a change on this political one.

There was certainly a change in the upper middle class when it made money do the work which it had formerly done itself, when, in other words, it ceased to be productive. There was certainly a tremendous difference between the Fifth Avenue of the last generation and Park Avenue of this one. In Fifth Avenue you had a background of solid businessmen, in Park Avenue the predominating element, bankers, which they prefer to call themselves, and brokers, which they really are, stands on shifting sands and lives a useless, although adventurous, life. Where once you had stolidity you now find a high nervous tension.

The collecting of Benjamin Altman is a thing of the past. The solid bourgeois class is also. Its successors are on a heavy sea in a very unsafe craft. It is impossible for them to sit at ease. It is obviously impossible for them to think straight. They can feel no security in the present nor faith in the future. What could be more natural then than that they should think in terms of escape? Where Mrs. Waldorf Astor would have had her portrait done in the solid academic strokes of a Carolus Durand, Mrs. Harrison Williams, who, as one of the best dressed women in the world, has taken leadership in a society whose front is more important than its interior, has hers done by Salvador Dali.

Mr. Dali seems to me to be the logical mouthpiece of insecurity and particularly of that insecurity felt in a class whose background was laden with examples of impeccable workmanship. Like the class to whom he caters, Mr. Dali is an opportunist, which is not unlike saying a weathercock. He is a careful workman and a faultless, though somewhat humorless, deranger of ordinary factual sequence. He knows that whatever he does to amuse people in a storm-tossed craft cannot be too subtle. He amuses them with obvious derangements; he drags a cow into a parlor, perches a piano up a tree and so on. He understood the imagination or the predicament of that class less a few years ago when, just out of Spain, he was still thinking in terms of a mystic catholicism. He is an opportunist. When that vitriolic satirist of the German bourgeoisie, George Grosz, came in exile to this country he lost his anger and is still searching for his art.

To go backward a little, the first show of the school of Paris held in this country, in the Sixty-Ninth Regiment Armory, was a bombshell whose repercussions have only recently been felt or headed by our bourgeoisie. James A. Stillman, banker, made the bon mot for that 1913 revelation when he said, on seeing the pictures, "Something is wrong with the world. These men know." Mr. Stillman here accepted the artist as a seer, which the great ones have always been. That show was to be followed by a war, a boom, a depression and a social upheaval. The last is keeping company with a new war. The disturbing pictures of 1913 continue to have a contemporary flavor. A decade or so ago they began to make an appeal to a bourgeoisie in the throes of those social and economic disturbances which were beginning to ruffle his, for so long, serene surface. Also, given these conditions, the bourgeois could begin to think of his forebears, in their complacency, as dunderheads. He had to seem less dull in his collection, to go rather more, in the second or third generation, into the aristocratic realm; show, to put it bluntly, some imagination. The world itself was, though perhaps over-violently, showing some itself. Besides that he could afford to show some imagination now; or, which may be less to the good, he couldn't afford not to. He needed, if not stronger stuff, something more exciting than those correct and complacent pictures which had so pleased the complacent and correct and dead members of his class. This Paris crowd was like cocktails, if not altogether evil, at least, a



JOHN SINGER SARGENT: *Lady Playfair*, 1884. Boston Museum of Fine Arts. "Art should not remind one of the deeper emotions, which were private property; nor of the flesh, which could hold no respectable place in a public hearing."

FREDERICK WAUGH: *Lifting Fog*, 1939. "His (the bourgeois of the present day) life is a matter of fact. His art must be also. He likes the roll of the ocean when it is held in check, made as static as his own philosophy, by the camera eye of a Frederick Waugh. He cannot abide the tempestuous and mobile uneasiness of one from the brush of Mattson."





(ABOVE) ALEXANDER BROOK, *Suzanne*, 1936, oil. (BELOW) JOHN CARROLL, *Mrs. Gordon Cox*, 1943, oil. Courtesy Frank K. M. Rehn Gallery.



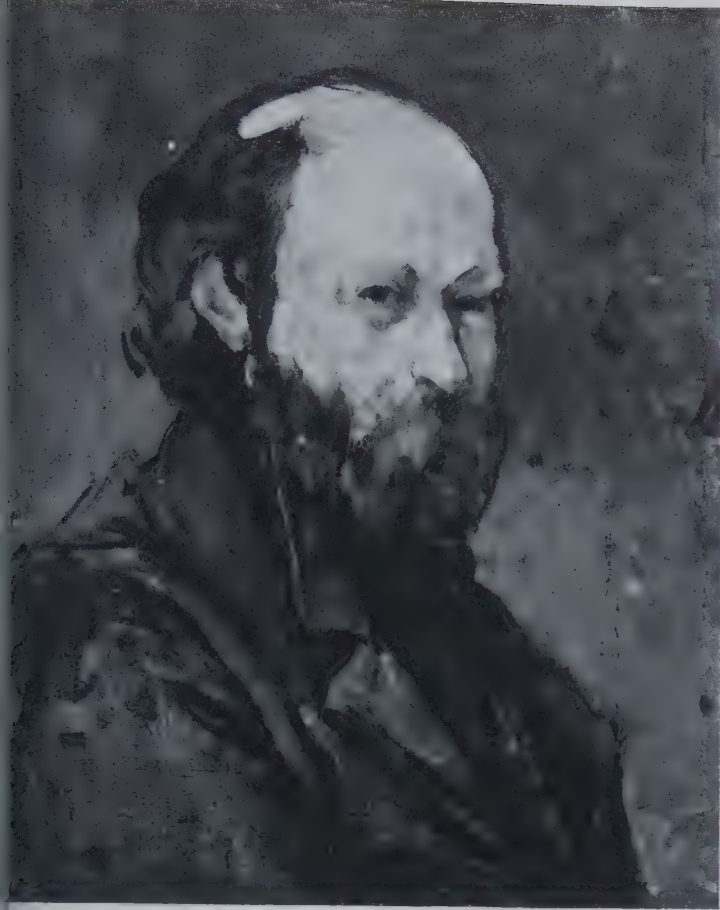
modern necessity. You cannot move an over-wrought man with a dull panegyric on the sedentary commonplaces. You've got to hit him between the eyes. He must be fed an extraordinary fare.

The School of Paris produced extraordinary recipes. The Frenchmen in that group were greatly outnumbered by the internationalists. One world had been dissipated, another was in embryo. There would have to be a new set of rules in art as elsewhere. But the French were traditionalists. An art born in one day would die the next. They sought new forbears, snooped in dusty corners of museums, came out sometimes having acquired curious ancestors, quite inexplicable in any racial sense. But here in any case, mongrel though it might be, was a traditional basis upon which to build a new order. It was entirely likely that that new order would do away with racial prejudice.

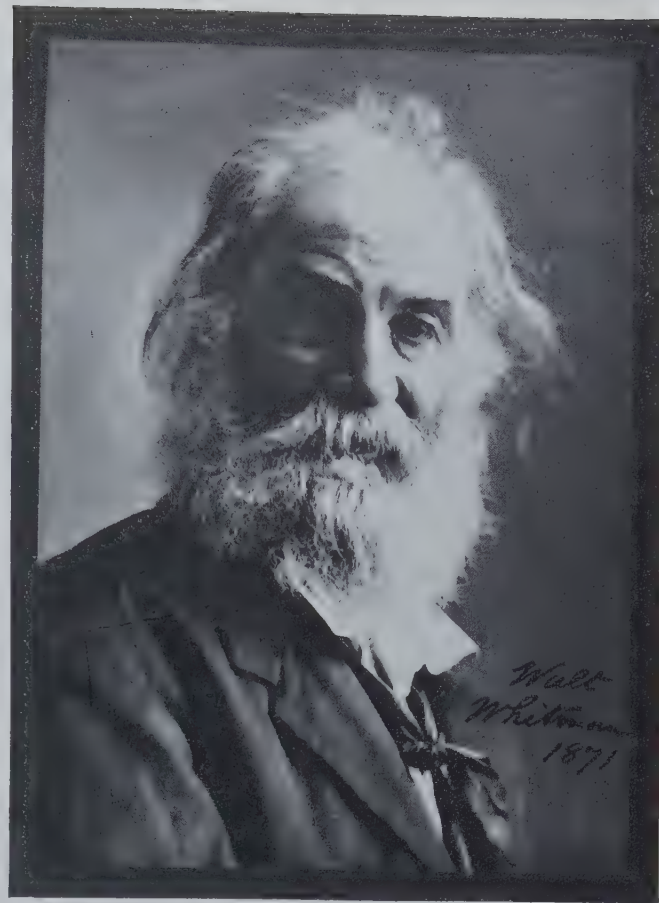
What matter! One couldn't go on repeating the banalities of the bourgeois salons. At a pinch one could defeat the boredom by talking French with a Persian accent or in the guttural intonations of a middle African negro. Mystification is preferable to boredom. Art must be amusing—it need not, too be that, make sense, nothing need make sense in a crumbling world. The fashionable French bourgeois sensed that too intuitively in his unconscious way. He somehow managed to reshuffle his ideas along with his values. He knew that he could no longer laugh aloud or even smile at the old platitudes, comfortable as they were, and save his social face. He came to feel, without this reshuffling, that the odd and amusing manifestation could share importance with the sound and serious one. Those two words sound and serious with all they signified belonged to an unrecoverable past. He went in for the bizarre.

Something like that has certainly happened to his American confrere. That he should, considering his colonial background, follow their lead to some or even to a great extent is a foregone conclusion. In his American acquisitions he has diverged from custom also. But he has not there, as the French one did with his own men, gone in for the inexplicable. He is a careful and very temperate buyer of American pictures. It is in his nature to prefer importations. He cannot admit that American thought can be much nimbler than his own. He cannot admit un-American extravagances in an American painter. He expects and demands native innocence in him. While he must be objective he need not be realistic. The American is brought up on pure food and on ideas which, while they may not point toward truth, do definitely point toward purity. He is idealistic. He wears the rosy glasses of illusioned youth. While he prefers the company of men with whom he can cope, he had made a fetish of female beauty.

The glamour girl in these United States occupies the place once held by the Madonna in Italy. But the American adoration is in no sense Italianesque. The bourgeois does not admire extravagance except where the show of his wealth is concerned. He certainly fears the flowery. He cannot forget that his forefather's two feet were firmly planted upon the ground. Still he does not plant his own so well. There is a graceful bend at the knees, a new lightness in his feet. The stance is not so solid. It has a far less indomitable air. That love of his has deteriorated since the angels of Abbot Thayer and the Junos of Charles Dana Gibson. It has even deteriorated in the short span of Eugene Speicher's Babettes. The ground itself seems to have become less stable. The air is disintegrating. Alexander Brook's so very wistfully charming girls hold together by a miracle, a miracle which has overlooked the crumbling beauties of John Carroll.



CÉZANNE: *Self Portrait*, Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington.



Walt Whitman, 1871. Photo, courtesy Henry S. Canby.

CÉZANNE AND WHITMAN

By PAUL M. LAPORTE

"I must follow up the continual lessons of the air, water, earth, I perceive I have no time to lose."—WHITMAN.

"... nature reveals herself to me in very complex forms; and the progress needed is incessant."—CÉZANNE.

THE sweeping pathos and dynamic restlessness of Whitman's language as against the sober conciseness and structural solidity of Cézanne's painting; Whitman's all embracing love against Cézanne's aloofness; Whitman's lyric poetry having its scope beyond the merely artistic against Cézanne's epic painting which had no regard for effects—all this seems to be enough to make a comparison between the two artists questionable. But it is also true that the romanticism of the youthful Cézanne was akin to that of Whitman; that the art of both men matured very slowly; that they were contemptuous of intellectuals, preferred to associate with the common people, and represented them in their art. Cézanne said: "Renoir painted the women of Paris, I am attracted by the peasant who is walking over there." This attitude is certainly comparable to that of Whitman, and it attests to a deeper affinity between the two artists.

A long series of "free compositions" was a by-product of Cézanne's endeavors. While his figures, landscapes, and still lifes were painted from nature, these compositions were done from memory; they are technically quite distinct from the rest of his work, ruder in values, color, and design; but they are much more temperamental. Only in his latest period did Cézanne succeed in combining the subtle solidity of his nature studies with the vivid directness of these free compositions.

The last and most monumental canvases of *Bathers* may well be likened to some poems from the "Children of Adam." In fact, here as well as in Whitman, a great and all-embracing passion is trying to express itself.

"Literature expresses itself in abstractions", says Cézanne, "whereas painting, by means of drawing and color, gives concrete shape to sensations and perceptions. One is neither too scrupulous nor too sincere nor too submissive to nature; but one is more or less master of one's model, and above all of the means of expression. Get to the heart of what is before you and continue to express yourself as logically as possible."

Cézanne's "sensations and perceptions" are apparently the means through which "the heart of what is before you" (that is, of nature) communicates itself to the artist. It is these sensations and perceptions to which he is "neither too scrupulous, nor too sincere, nor too submissive." And it is they which should be expressed in painting "as logically as possible."

Whitman writes in "Democratic Vistas":

"Observing, rapport . . . the shows presented by Nature, the sensuous luxuriance, the beautiful in living men and women, the actual play of passions . . . out of these . . . the esthetic worker . . . projects them, their analogies, by curious removes, indirections . . . (No useless attempt to repeat the material creation by daguerrotyping the exact likeness . . .) . . . This is the image-making faculty, coping with material creation, and rivaling, almost triumphing over it."

Obviously, Cézanne's "concrete shape" is achieved by this

"image-making faculty." In "coping with the material creation" "one is more or less master of one's model"; one does not make the "useless attempt to repeat its exact likeness." Whitman's "shows presented by Nature" are comparable to Cézanne's "sensations and perceptions." To express these "as logically as possible" is an act of "rivaling" nature.

Both Whitman and Cézanne have given new meaning to the relationship between nature and art. But neither of them has overlooked the lessons to be learned from the art of the past. Here, too, their attitude is peculiarly similar. In "My Book and I" Whitman says of ancient poetry:

"If I had not stood before these poems with uncovered head, fully aware of their colossal grandeur and beauty of form and spirit, I could not have written 'Leaves of Grass.' My verdict and conclusions as illustrated in its pages are arrived at through the temper and inculcation of the old works as much as through anything . . ."

But Whitman was also keenly aware of the dangers involved in a mere continuation of these old sources when he asked:

"What is there in those works that so imperiously and scornfully dominates all our advancement, boasted civilization, and culture?"

Cézanne's "Credo" sounds very similar:

"After having seen the great masters who are reposing in the Louvre, one must hurry away again to keep alive, in contact with nature, the instincts and sensations that are within oneself."

Much as these sentiments may have been in the air during Cézanne's era, none of his contemporaries followed them up with the same unwavering consequence as he did. And it was no other than Whitman who found the philosophical justification for that attitude. In "A Backward Glance" he says:

"... in a most important phase the antique seems to have

had the advantage of us. Unconsciously, it possessed and exploited that something there was and is in Nature immeasurably beyond, and even altogether ignoring, what we call the artistic, the beautiful, the literary, and even the moral, the good. Not easy to put one's finger on, or name in a word, this something, invisibly permeating the old poems, religion-sources, and art. If I were asked to suggest it in such single word, I should write (at the risk of being quite misunderstood at first at any rate) the word physiological."

This physiological something which is so important in Whitman's work, existed, so we are told, unconsciously in the remote past. Now, it was to play an important role consciously—that is the implication. It is as old as mankind, and yet as new as the day.

One has to go far back in the history of creative humanity to understand what the "physiological" means in the case of Cézanne. It is primitive craftsmanship to which his art has to be likened. The primitive craftsman is exclusively bent on "making" something, whether it be a tool, a magic object, an idol, or an image. There is still no essential difference between technique and art (even the Greek language did not know that difference). While the primitive craftsman's consciousness was entirely occupied with creating an object, the craft established an unconscious relationship with the material he was using. This relationship prevented him from forcing himself upon the material. Thus, the material took an active part in the creation; by determining the process it maintained great importance in the final product. The organic clarity of the primitive work, its functional beauty (if the term beauty may be used in this connection) is the consequence not of conscious effort but of the fulfillment of the natural and logical conditions of the craft.

To an ever-lessening degree, but still essentially so, all the old masters up to the 19th century were dependent on this kind of primitive craftsmanship. They were unconsciously guided by some technical restrictions. Consciously, however, they did

CÉZANNE: *Three Skulls*, 13 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 23 $\frac{5}{8}$ inches. On loan at the Detroit Institute of Arts, Detroit, Michigan.



CÉZANNE: *Bathers*, Philadelphia Museum of Art. "The last and most monumental canvases of 'Bathers' may well be likened to some poems from the 'Children of Adam.' In fact, here as well as in Whitman, a great and all-embracing passion is trying to express itself."



not follow the logic of the object to be created—that is, the logic of the image, as did the primitive—but of the objects to be represented. They followed the logic of the image only in so far as it did not collide with the logic of representation. This is why the "physiological" all but disappeared after the classical antiquity.

Through the centuries, and with the final introduction of *alla prima* oil painting in the 19th century, the craft of oil painting had become so flexible that it offered practically no more limitations and restrictions to the painter. A new guiding principle had to be found if one was not to be lost in "daguerrotyping" imitation. Here begins Cézanne's great achievement. With the example of the impressionists before his eyes, he had found that the absolute freedom gained by *alla prima* painting would finally lead to dissolution of truly creative work. With this emphasis on the whole of the image, and with his insistence on the inherent logic of the painting as a whole he introduced this new principle. (He went even so far as to make sacrifices in the representation, as witnessed by his frequent disregard of perspective; note the similarity to Whitman's occasional disregard of grammar.) This is, I believe, what Whitman called the "physiological"; the logic of the body in all its functions. Cézanne reveals it in the body of each individual picture.

The appeal both of the work of the primitives and of Cézanne consists in its inherent logic, its "physiological" truth. In primitive art, this logic is brought about by the predominance of a craft which imposes its laws on the artists. In Cézanne, on the other hand, these laws are made conscious, and he "realizes" them by means of an entirely amorphous technique. In fact, the technique had to become amorphous in order to give rise to the need for a new restriction. And only an amorphous tech-

nique, like *alla prima* oil painting, lent itself to the "realization" of the new law (as only free rhythms lent themselves to the expression of Whitman's new ideas).

The "primitive" directness which is the expression of this new approach may account for what seemed "ugly" to those not trained to see its true significance. Like all the primitives, neither Cézanne nor Whitman was concerned with "beauty"; instead, they were searching for truth. Bernard said of Cézanne: "The idea of beauty was not in him, he had but that of truth." This truth superseded some of the more familiar aspects of "beauty", or as Whitman put it: "... the law over all, the law of laws, is the law of successions; that of the superior law, in time, gradually, supplanting and overwhelming the inferior one."

Whitman himself was aware of the apparent "ugliness" of his work (which, by the way, is an inherent feature of any primitive work of art):

"I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world."

"Nothing, as I may say, for beauty's sake, no legend, or myth, or romance, nor euphemism, nor rhyme. But the broadest average of humanity and its identities . . ."

On the higher level of consciousness, Cézanne and Whitman began exactly where the primitives had started unconsciously. Cézanne himself was well aware of his being a primitive, though he probably did not realize all the implications of the fact. His words, "I remain the primitive of the road I have discovered," show that he knew his importance as a discoverer, and the place he would hold in the future. The same is true of Whitman who maintains that his work is "an exploration, as of new ground, wherein, like other primitive surveyors, I must do



CÉZANNE: *La Lutte D'Amour*, oil, 1875-76, 18½ x 15½
Coll. Mr. and Mrs. W. Averell Harriman, New York

the best I can, leaving it to those who come after me to do much better. (The service, in fact, if any, must be to break a sort of first path or track, no matter how rude and ungeometrical.)"

Even the strange mixture of doubt and confidence about their actual accomplishments is common to both men. Cézanne expresses this in a very touching way:

"I am working obstinately, for I am beginning to see the promised land. Will I be like the great Hebrew leader or will I be able to enter?"

And Whitman writes in "An American Primer" that he considers his work

"... a passage way to something rather than a thing in itself concluded; not the best that might be done but the best it is necessary to do for the present, to break the ground."

No doubt both were highly conscious of their missions. They also knew that they were starting not a new movement but a new era. But apart as they were geographically, despite differing traditions, and though ignorant of one another, they still had more in common than just a prophetic feeling about their mission.

Cézanne's conception and procedure can best be studied in his water colors. The essentials were set down with a very few tones, regardless of the objects represented. In this way, the focal points of the composition were established, and the rest could crystallize around them. As there are water colors in all stages of finishing, one can perceive how Cézanne's pictures developed. As soon as the color and tone structure were fixed the image began to assert its own laws. The artist no longer exercised control over the picture; he was compelled to follow the pre-established bent of these laws. As Whitman says:

"Let others finish specimens, I never finish specimens,

I start them by exhaustless laws as Nature does, fresh and modern continually."

And Cézanne remarks in the last months of his life:

"Theories . . . in themselves are always easy; it is only giving proof of what one thinks that raises serious obstacles . . . —I believe in the logical development of everything we see and feel through the study of nature . . ."

It is known that Cézanne often waited for weeks on end until he was able to put the right tone on a little spot of canvas no larger than half an inch long. He hesitated to apply paint before he was entirely certain he had found the right value. This proves that he did not follow the rules of an established craftsmanship.

"... the sensations of color which give light," he says, "are the reason for the abstractions which prevent me from either covering my canvas or continuing the delimitation of objects when their points of contact are fine and delicate; from which results that my image or picture is incomplete."

Incomplete it was not, though it seemed so to him who did not quite fathom the implications of the conceptions which urged him on his path. This supposed incompleteness might, by the way, be likened to certain passages of Whitman which are more like catalogues than poetic realizations. They are empty places in the canvas of the poet which in no way decrease the value of the whole.

When Cézanne painted a portrait he was not usually very much interested in making a conventional likeness of his sitter; he did not "finish specimens". To be sure, the artist is moved by his subject. But as soon as this motivation has gained shape in the basic structure of the painting, it develops a life of its own. It is not the rules and duties of craftsmanship according to which the picture develops. By the establishment of the functional axes, the picture has become an organism with its own

"living impulses". What comes next is not a duty the artist can follow at will. The painter has become the midwife of the image, and it depends on his sensitivity whether he is able to free the new life. He may destroy it in the process by imposing his own will on it. Said Whitman:

"I give nothing as duties
What others give as duties I give as living impulses
(Shall I give the heart's action as duty?)"

Portraits and compositions that develop under these circumstances cannot be concerned with the particularities of the models. They are more concerned with humanity than with individual humans. These are the painted images of "inherent men and women", free from everything incidental, the very "fibre" of life, of whom Whitman is singing:

"Not for an embroiderer,
(There will always be plenty of embroiderers, I welcome them also)
But for the fibre of things and for inherent men and women.
Not to chisel ornaments,
But to chisel with free strokes the heads and limbs of
plenteous, supreme Gods, that the States may realize them
walking and talking."

There is no embroidery, no additional ornament in Cézanne. Every picture is started afresh, and only the essential is brought to life in it. Isn't this the same as Whitman's "form complete"?

"Of physiognomy from top to toe I sing
Not physiognomy alone nor brain alone is worthy for the
Muse.
I say the Form Complete is worthier far."

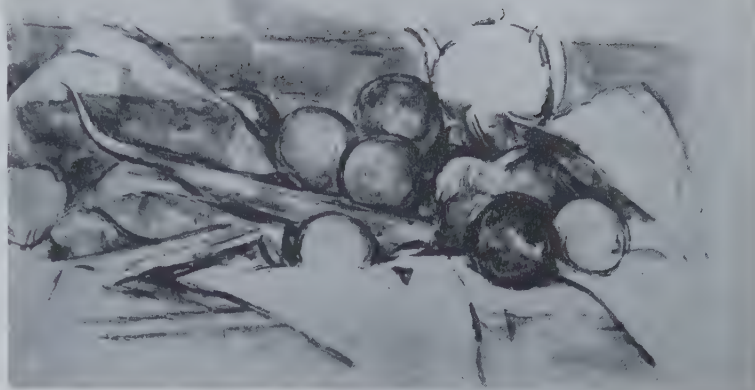
Looking at a self portrait of Cézanne, in all its simplicity, with its penetrating eyes, child-like and innocent, but also with the perfect vault of this forehead, sheltering a great brain, its unsurpassable differentiation of colors and shadings, the complete integration of color and light, one acknowledges of a sudden the spiritual brother of Walt Whitman. And the story which Vollard tells of the classical master of Aix could also be told of the romantic poet of Manhattan:

"It was spring. He drank in the countryside with delighted eyes. The first pale leaves moved him deeply. Everything touched him. He would stop to look at the white road or to watch a cloud float overhead. He picked up a handful of moist earth and squeezed it as if to bring it closer to him, to mix it more intimately with his own reinvigorated blood. He drank from the shallow brooks. 'This is the first time I have really seen the spring', he said."

Nothing remains but to add a few more utterances of the poet to show how truly the concerns as well as the hopes of our day are expressed in his writing.

"... a new founded literature, not merely to copy and reflect existing surfaces, or pander to what is called taste—not only to amuse, pass away time, celebrate the beautiful, the refined, the past, or exhibit technical, rhythmic, or grammatical dexterity—but a literature underlying life, religious, consistent with science, handling the elements and forces with competent power, teaching and training men . . . is what is needed."
—And again: "I say the question of Nature, largely considered, involves the questions of the esthetic, the emotional, and the religious—and it involves happiness."

"The deepest moral, social, political purposes . . . of the modern world are the underlying endeavors . . ." of the work of both men. If ours is to be the century of the common man, the spiritual leadership of Cézanne as well as of Whitman should be recognized by an ever-broadening circle. "The word Democracy is, in some sort, younger brother of another great and often used word, Nature. . . ."



CÉZANNE: (ABOVE) *Still Life*, water color. (BELOW) *White Tree Trunks*, 1883-87, Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, New York. "Cézanne's conception and procedure can best be studied in his water colors. The essentials were set down with a very few tones, regardless of the objects represented. In this way, the focal points of the composition were established, and the rest could crystallize around them. . . . As soon as the color and tone structure were fixed the image began to assert its own laws. The artist no longer exercised control over the picture; he was compelled to follow the pre-established bent of these laws."



VIEWPOINTS: A NEW STEP IN ART PATRONAGE

By WALTER S. MACK, JR.



Because Walter S. Mack, Jr., president of the Pepsi-Cola Company, conceived and carried out (with the assistance of Artists for Victory) the recent competition among American painters to find twelve pictures for the Pepsi-Cola calendar, we have asked him to answer the question asked by Walter Abell in our April issue, "Can Industry be Counted on as a Patron of the Arts?" The twelve paintings are on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, Oct. 4 to Dec. 3.

IN THE April issue of the MAGAZINE OF ART, Walter Abell in an article entitled "Can Industry Be Counted on as a Patron of the Arts?" actually considers as his main theme the question: Does economic support of artists by industry mean sacrifice of the artists' integrity, or can they maintain their spiritual independence? Professor Abell's article quivers with apprehension that industry is going to ruin the independence and integrity of the artists, and that working for industrial companies which are operated for profit, and to whom they intend to sell their works of art, may so blacken and contaminate the characters of the artists, that art will greatly suffer.

Professor Abell points out that there have been a number of industrial companies which have been selfishly and narrowly controlled, and which have worked solely for profit without any regard for the rest of humanity. I do not believe that this criticism can be levelled only at industry. We find individuals—even states and a number of nations—which, looking back through history, have been narrow in their approach and extremely selfishly controlled. To whom, then, are the artists to sell the pictures from which they must derive the wherewithal for a livelihood and development, of their talents?

Years ago, they sold their pictures to the nobility and to the churches. I do not think that anyone will disagree with the thesis that in a great many cases the aristocracy in many of these countries were narrow and selfish. History offers too many examples of that, and of the revolutions that resulted, for the statement to be questioned. In more recent years, the artists have worked for wealthy patrons who have become the supporters of the artists. Does not most of the wealth which they have used to purchase these works of art come mainly from industry? And have not these very patrons in most cases been the guiding spirits of these industries? And cannot the same theoretical criticism directed against industry be levelled at these patrons?

I think it is fair to state that there will always be good and unselfish people, both as individuals and as directors of industry, just as there also will probably be some interested only in themselves, and with selfish motives.

However, the development of a program in which industry lays down certain requirements and regulations as to competition, and has as judges of the competition, artists and art critics who themselves are unusually interested in the best for art—as we have done in the Pepsi-Cola competition—should remove all question of dictatorship. This democratic procedure, if followed by industry, can have only one influence, and that a good and beneficial one, for the free expression and development of the artist's talents. Such procedure should, furthermore, meet the questions Professor Abell raises as to the possibility of stifling the development of

art—an accusation which, as I have conceded in the foregoing, has had some basis in the centuries-old methods of art patronage.

Industry recognizes that today it must assume the same responsibility as any private good citizen. It must take an active part in the community life of the country, not only by employing people and giving jobs (although in carrying on business fairly and honestly, it performs a basic function), but must broaden its scope by participating actively and beneficially for the public good as a whole, helping to protect and develop this civilization under whose rules and laws it operates—which is an activity entirely separate and apart from its ordinary business role.

It has, incidentally, been this basic philosophy which has led us in our own company to take a leading part in various fields of civic activity which are somewhat already known, such as our Job Award Program for young people, our Service Centers for servicemen and women, and our various other activities, of which the most recent was the Pepsi-Cola Competition for American Artists.

Since nothing is more elusive than the general, let me elaborate further upon the last situation in concrete terms, in answering Professor Abell on various points. To his gloomy foreboding that "Any sacrifice of spiritual independence to commercial control would be a sad defeat for the creative forces of the modern world", I need only outline more fully the methods used in conducting our competition, to demonstrate how completely the "spiritual independence" of the artists and the juries was protected.

The Pepsi-Cola Company permitted the recent competition to be developed by, for and among the artists themselves. Our Company did not—as is the customary arrangement—participate in any way whatsoever in either the preliminary or final selections. We did not ask to sit in on the judging of the 150 paintings selected from the five thousand that poured in. This was done by a jury of artists themselves, sitting in judgment on their fellows. Nor did we have a voice in deciding to which final twelve paintings the awards would be given, in spite of the fact that they will be used upon our own calendar, and that the first four become the property of the Company as a nucleus of a collection ultimately to be presented to the American public. This was done by another jury of artists, museum directors and critics. We did not require that the paintings portray any specific subject other than the broad theme, "Portrait of America". Our part of the program was simply to award the prizes, pay the expenses, agree to reproduce the pictures, and to distribute at least 500,000 free calendars to the public, as well as to pay for the resulting exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and eight other leading museums around the country.

TOKEN OF APPRECIATION

The United States has become one of the principal reservoirs of the world's art and culture and it must nourish its future. We realize that it is therefore incumbent upon all of us to protect this free democratic approach in the field of art. We are hopeful that in the future, many industries will make it possible for the people of this country to get good works of art through the medium of their displays and advertising material, not by asking artists to paint a particular theme submitted to them, but by allowing outstanding artists and critics to pick good works of art, and then to award to the artists who have done this work good remuneration for their efforts. I see no reason why that can't be done, and it is my hope that, if our contest has done anything, it has demonstrated that this is practical and possible. Such a realization by industry, the artists of America, and the American public, will go a long way in showing to artists a small token of appreciation for the time, study and inspiration they are displaying in their work. It will, we feel, at the same time make it possible for the great masses of the public to secure these works of art, and to be able to enjoy the pleasure of having such art a part of their everyday lives.

Members of the Young American Craftsmen Club bring their work to the open-house exhibition of the Grand Rapids Art Gallery.



NEWS AND COMMENT

Grand Rapids Community Art Project

In spite of the so-called American Renaissance, in spite of some 100 museums, some 50,000 artists, and an annual art budget well up in the millions, adult America, by and large, places art and the art museum in a remote category of existence. To the average adult, the arts and art produce are totally unrelated to personal experience; they are alien to his environment except as they appear in the modern design of his utensils or automobile or as they are blended into household decoration.

This adult disinterest has for many years been a major concern of museums. Solutions of the problem have been multiple. Some museums have tried to plan their exhibitions on a popular utilitarian level; others have sought to educate the adult public on a long-term plan; others have attempted to make art fashionable and exclusive. Practically all the advertising techniques and publicity angles available have been employed to lure the adult into an active interest in the arts. So far, very little of the bait has worked.

However, there is a working solution for this problem, one which in many instances has been employed successfully by museums—namely, to approach the child and through him the parent. This does not necessarily imply the neglect of adult education. In fact it is on the adult level that one reaches the child most effectively. Educating children to use a museum, to participate in creative and appreciative experiences in art, enables the whole family to discover art and the art museum and its importance in their own world.

Working from this viewpoint the Grand Rapids Art Gallery began a few years ago to evolve a children's program which has in the course of time been transformed into a community program. One of the first steps in this evolution was the organization of a year-round children's gallery where the current work of the community's children is always on view. A Sunday visit to see Johnnie's painting or clay figure is often a family's first experience at the gallery, and frequently leads to a revelation of the arts as a whole. Augmenting the program of the children's gallery and capitalizing on this parent interest in child activity, a large annual exhibition of public school art was organized.

The next step was the development of small exhibitions, including a series of mounted reproductions for circulation in the schools. These mounts served as introductions to the adult exhibitions at the gallery, which school children were encouraged to visit in class groups for conducted tours.

Thus the schools were more and more aware of the gallery as an instrument of learning. History and social study groups as well as art classes found the exhibitions exciting. Anxious to further this correlation of school and gallery, child and art, two years ago the gallery began to plan its usual adult exhibition program with a thematic thrust which ran parallel in part to the public school curriculum. This past season, for instance, a series of four major exhibitions of American Art were presented as the nucleus of the American Heritage program: Art of the Colonial and Revolutionary Period; Art of the Federal and Civil War Period; American Art in the Victorian Era; and Contemporary Art of America. The theme of this series paralleled the social studies programs of the public schools.

Simultaneously with the presentation of this series the gallery's radio program, which had already proved itself a valuable educational instrument, also keyed itself to the year's theme. This past season the weekly radio programs, known as "We Are Americans", presented dramatic life sketches of the artists and craftsmen whose work appeared in the American Heritage shows. Through this same program free membership was offered in the Young American Craftsmen Club which was formed in cooperation with the Board of Education and other civic groups. Members of the club received weekly craft supplements which gave instruction in popular craft processes. The children were also invited to attend and participate in craft clinics held at the Gallery where artists and craft experts demonstrated the same work previously explained in the supplements.

Since the program was correlated with many departments and portions of the school curriculum, the teachers often used as teaching instruments the sum total of gallery services including exhibitions, radio, clinics, and supplements, thereby developing comprehensive class projects ranging from classroom murals to



Grand Rapids Community Project draws children and adults.



American chorale groups. One fifth grade, inspired by the gallery program, produced a puppet play called "Young Americans." 37 different school communities the Craftsmen Club members were at work.

As a climax to each season's extension work, the gallery held open house for the club members and their parents with exhibition of craft products created by the children and craft demonstrations by the instructors. Over 300 objects were selected from needlepoint and hooked rugs, masks and puppets, musical instruments and dolls, clay figures and paintings, to a six-foot scale model of the New York harbor filled with wartime model seacraft. Parents and children from all corners of the city packed the gallery. Art had become real to them. The adults had made the discovery with and through their children.

—CATHERINE WEAVER

The Artists Speak

Mrs. G. Macculloch Miller,
President of the Board of Trustees,
Whitney Museum of American Art.

DEAR MRS. MILLER:

When the announcement came last year of the closing of the Whitney Museum of American Art each of us experienced a deep sense of disappointment and loss. The unexpected reopening of the Museum last fall, brought back to us a renewed realization of the Whitney's significance, and it was marked by an extraordinary feeling of sentiment and affection as though we found ourselves back in a home which we thought we had lost.

The tie between most museums and the artist is usually a tenuous and impersonal one. The traditional role of the museum has long been that of a repository for the art of the past that the existence of the living artist has been recognized only with seeming reluctance or not at all. Museums now exhibit his work, sometimes award him a prize, more rarely make a purchase. But the pervasive feeling which the average museum has tended to communicate to the artist has been one of aloofness and relative lack of interest.

With the Whitney this has never been the case; and to the Whitney belongs the major share of credit for the more liberal treatment which contemporary American art has received from most other American museums. Since its opening the Whitney has set the pattern in this country for what a museum can do for the art of its own period. From its Whitney Studio Club days through the various developments up to the present, it has been the greatest single force in support of living art in the United States.

The Whitney has always treated the artist with sincerity and respect. It did not award prizes. Instead it has set aside a fund each year, within the limits of its resources to buy as many works of art from its exhibitions and outside its exhibitions as possible. No living American artist was excluded from participation in its activities because of his aesthetic direction and all schools shared its advantages without discrimination. This democratic policy wherein merit alone was the consideration, has had an inspiring effect on the young artists and an invigorating effect on American art as a whole. In this way Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Force did more than found a museum. They helped to build faith in living American Art. Mrs. Whitney's love of art and the wisdom shown in the form taken by her patronage has had incalculable results for the present and future of our aesthetic culture. The country has made great strides forward since the days which marked the beginning of the work of Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Force. We artists understand the large debt which the country owes to the Whitney for this advance.

As a group of artists we take this occasion to express our deep appreciation of the Whitney Museum. We have been privileged to feel that it is so much a part of our lives that its future is of vital importance to all of us. Should the Trustees and Directors consider that our cooperation might be of service in furthering the interests of the Museum we should welcome such an opportunity. We sincerely hope that whatever changes are deemed necessary to guarantee the continuance of the Museum, they may



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(Signed): Marianne Appel, John Atherton, Peggy Bacon, Wil Barnett, Richmond Barthe, Gifford Beal, Thomas Benton, Henry Billings, Isabel Bishop, Arnold Blanch, Lucille Blanch, Pete Blume, Louis Bouche, Robert Brackman, Alexander Brook, Audrey Buller, Paul Burlin, Charles Burchfield, Paul Cadmus, Doris Caesar, Alexander Calder, Cornelia Chapin, Nicolai Cikovsky, Minnie Citron, Jon Corbino, Russell Cowles, Ralston Crawford, Francis Criss, Robert Cronbach, John Steuart Curry, Randall Davey, John Davidson, Stewart Davis, Horace Day, Jose de Creeft, Adolph Dehn, Lu Duble, Guy Bene duBois, Yvonne duBois, Stuart Edie, Phillip Evergood, Alfeo Faggi, Herbert Ferber, Ernest Fiene, Paul Fiene, Mary Fife, Harvey Fite, Karl Fortress, Jared French, Carl Gaertner, Maurice Glickman, Vincent Glinsky, Lloyd Goff, Aaron Goodelman, Arshile Gorky, Douglas Gorsline, Dorothea Greenbaum, Marian Greenwood, William Gropper, Chaim Gross, George Grosz, Robert Gwathmey, Minna Harkavy, Rosella Hartman, Albert Heckman, John Heliker, Stefan Hirsch, Alexandre Hogue, Edward Hopper, Milton Horn, John Hovannes, Charles Howard, Isabelle Howland, E. Ishigaki, Jane Jones, Joe Jones, Wendell Jones, Morris Kantor, Bernard Karfiol, Frank Kleinholz, John Koch, Benjamin Kipman, Leon Kroll, Walt Kuhn, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Edward Langing, Robert Laurent, James Lechay, Doris Lee, Julian Levi, Charles Locke, Molly Luce, Luigi Lucioni, Eugene Ludins, Oronzio Madao, Peppino Mangravite, John Marin, Henry Lee McFee, Bert Margoulies, Jack Markow, Reginald Marsh, Fletcher Martin, Henry Mattson, Austin Mecklem, Felicia Meyer, Herbert Meyer, David Michnick, Kenneth Hayes Miller, Bruce Mitchell, George K. Morris, Isamu Noguchi, Georgia O'Keeffe, Elizabeth Olds, Lloyd Parsons, Waldo Peirce, George Picken, Geri Pine, Hobson Pittman, Joseph Pollet, Walter Quirt, Abraham Rattner, Anton Refregier, Louis Ribak, Boardman Robinson, Hugo Robus, Charles Rosen, Charles Rudy, Andree Ruellan, Concetta Scaravaglione, Saul Schary, Katherine Schmidt, Henry Schanenberg, George Schreiber, Antoinette Schulte, Zoltan Sepeshy, Charles Sheeler, John Sloan, Louis Slobodkin, Hannah Small, David Smith, Judson Smith, Moses Soyer, Raphael Soyer, Eugene Speicher, Niles Spencer, Cesare Stea, Harry Sternberg, Harold Sterner, Miklos Suba, John W. Taylor, Elizabeth Terrell, Bradley Walker Tomlin, Toz Tomotzu, Nahum Tschachbas, Polygnotos Vagis, Dorothy Varian, Carl Walters, Marion Walton, Franklin Watkins, Max Weber, Na Werner, Anita Weschler, Warren Wheelock, Esther Williams, Reginald Wilson, Sol Wilson, Karl Zerbe, Marguerite Zorach, William Zorach.

SOUTHERN STATES ART LEAGUE

For the past 21 years the Southern States Art League has circulated throughout the South exhibitions from its annual show. Its 22nd circuit exhibition was sent to the Museum of Fine Arts in Dallas, Texas, last May. This month the water color section opens in the Rosenberg Library in Galveston, Texas; in the fall it will be sent to art centers west of the Mississippi, and in January, 1945, the Birmingham Public Library will show the oil water colors and graphic art. From there they will come to New York and the eastern states.

Between 20 and 40 showings a season have taken place annually in museums, art associations, civic and culture clubs, art schools and colleges, and since the war the League has sent its unframed prints and water colors to a number of service clubs and libraries in recreation centers and army and navy hospitals.

Officers of the League are James Chillman, Jr., Director of the Museum of Fine Arts of Houston, Texas, president; Edward Shorter of Columbus, Georgia, and Miss E. Fairfax Davenport of Kansas City, Missouri, vice presidents; Miss Ethel Hutson, secretary-treasurer. Any one desiring further information about the League and its exhibitions should apply at the headquarters, 732 Panola Street, New Orleans, 18, Louisiana.

35 YEARS AGO

IN OCTOBER, 1909, the first number of the MAGAZINE OF ART (then called ART AND PROGRESS) was being set in type—to appear in November. The art world into which it was to appear as the official publication of the recently formed American Federation of Arts may be pictured in brief by the following facts from the AMERICAN ART ANNUAL, first published in 1898 by The Macmillan Company and transferred to the Federation in 1912.

James Huneker was art critic for the NEW YORK SUN, Guy Pene duBois for the AMERICAN, Frank Mather, Jr., for the NATION and Royal Cortissoz for the HERALD.

On September 21 Ernest Francisco Fenellosa, Boston Museum orientalist, had died in London. Charles Follen McKim, of the famous architectural firm of McKim, Mead, and White, had died on September 14 at his summer home at St. James, Long Island.

The 1909's ANNUAL's directory of 2,549 architects, "the most complete list of architects of standing ever compiled," reveals that Louis Sullivan had offices in the Auditorium Building in Chicago. Walter Root could be reached at the Scarritt Building, Kansas City, and John Russell Pope at 527 Fifth Avenue, New York City. (The name of Frank Lloyd Wright was not included, though by 1909 he had completed more than 100 houses, clubs and offices, including the Administration Building of the Larkin Soap Company in Buffalo, and the Robie house in Chicago.)

Among the 3,415 painters, sculptors, and illustrators listed, Winslow Homer was living at Scarsboro, Maine, and Thomas Eakins at 1729 Mt. Vernon St., Philadelphia. Howard Pyle lived at 1305 Franklin St., Wilmington, Delaware, and Childe Hassam at 130 West 57th in New York City.

The best-sellers among the "Paintings Sold at Auction" between October, 1907 and October, 1909, were (with sales and total amounts received):

William Bouguereau, six.....	\$14,825
Jean Baptiste Corot, nineteen.....	97,080
Charles Francis Daubigny, sixteen.....	57,770
Narcisse Diaz, twenty-one.....	74,515
Jules Dupre, fifteen.....	32,050
Jean Jacques Henner, seventeen.....	14,950
Sir Thomas Lawrence, twenty.....	27,740
Anton Mauve, six.....	23,125
Jean Francois Millet, six.....	95,600
Theodore Rousseau, fifteen.....	58,205
Constant Troyon, seven.....	35,495
Emile Van Marcke, ten.....	38,525
Felix Ziem, seven.....	19,355

Outstanding sales were two paintings by Millet, Going to Work—Dawn of Day, 18 x 21½, to H. S. Henry for \$50,000, and Sheep Shearing, 28½ x 23½, to Scott and Fowles, for \$27,500; a Troyon, Animaux a l'Abreuvoir, 28 x 18½, to Scott and Fowles for \$25,000, and a Murillo, Assumption of the Virgin, 56¾ x 80½, to R. M. Fleishmann for \$22,000.

Minor sales were three Ryders to the Metropolitan Museum: The Smuggler's Cove, 28 x 10, \$300; The Bridge, 26⅞ x 9⅞, \$525; The Curfew Hour, 10 x 7¾, \$560; and one Winslow Homer, Enchanted, 20 x 12, to N. Strauss for \$350.

No Copley or Eakins paintings were sold at auction in New York during the period. Neither were any pictures by Daumier, Manet, Toulouse-Lautrec, Pissaro, Sisley, Morisot, Van Gogh, Seurat, Gauguin, or Cézanne, all of whom were dead, by October, 1909.

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He has painted many murals, foremost among them "Boston" for the largest office building in New England. His portraits and figure drawings have great dramatic quality, such as his "Holy Conversation, American," depicting a pleasant debate among art celebrities.

Artists interested in exhibiting at the Whistler House, or in Fra Angelo Bomberto's writings, may address John G. Wolcott, 236 Fairmount St., Lowell, Mass.

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*Fra Angelo Bomberto
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Charles Prendergast
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Andree Ruellan
Henry Schnakenberg
John Sloan
Katharine Sturgis
Esther Williams
Edmund Yaghjian
Mahonri Young

and others.

NEW BOOKS

*If all men's cares you fain would borrow
And you neglect your joy and sorrow
You'll get a fool's bath on the morrow.*



Illustration from the first English translation of Sebastian Brant's 15th century SHIP OF FOOLS, by Edwin H. Zeydel, Columbia University Press, 1944. Some of its 114 woodcuts have been attributed to Durer, who sketched Brant in Antwerp in 1520.

It All Goes Together. By Eric Gill. New York, 1944. The Devin-Adair Company. xvii and 192 pages, illustrated. \$3.50.

Professor Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, who shares so many of his judgments, has written the introduction to this selection of essays by Eric Gill, who died in 1940. One of England's finest sculptors, a type designer and illustrator, Gill repudiated the whole modern conception of art. "Before our machine industrialism the word art meant *all* things made. Now it means just the few special things which they can't make by machinery." Gill's was a severe and honest logic, and it is good to note that despite his preoccupation with the individually responsible maker of the handcraft system, he was not insensible to the beauty of unequivocal machine construction—"... in our industrial and mechanical age we are not only fools to build imitation Gothic churches, but we are even bigger fools not to build the specially fine buildings which such an age is specially equipped to build."

However, Gill was not only honest, but also dogmatic, and he presents us with a crystallization of that yearning for a highly idealized medievalism which has been a peculiarly English phenomenon since Ruskin and the pre-Raphaelites a century ago. "Our only concern is to discover the truth that the modern system of

roduction is evil. . . . The motive which sustains it is not man's location to holiness and holiness is necessarily the ultimate value in human affairs." Gill's militant Christianity is a position equally daring to take, or to take issue with, for while the western world renders Christianity a constant and official homage, what he wanted was "the reconversion of England to Christianity and to Christ."

Eric Gill was not a man to accept principle for practice. These essays have a tremendous integrity and consistency within themselves as a result, and there is, indeed, incisive and compelling justice in his criticism of the machine system. The evils of insecurity for the workman, the lack of work satisfaction in machine minding, the ugliness of our cities, the question of ownership and responsibility, the absence of social unity and purpose—these are problems which still press for solution. Gill believed that they could not be solved within the framework of the industrial system, and if we still persist in the hope that he will be proved to have been mistaken, there is, at this moment in our history, far too little evidence of tangible progress in that direction.

Gill's was simply the generous desire that more men might enjoy the richness he found in his own career. His exuberant sense of the delight in making things is everywhere in these essays, and the book contains twenty-eight pages of illustrations of his work in lettering and graphic art.

Dutch Drawings at Windsor Castle. By Leo Van Puyvelde. London, 1944. The Phaidon Press. 80 pages, illustrated. \$5.50.

This well annotated and copiously illustrated catalogue of the Dutch drawings in the English royal collection is uniform with "Flemish Drawings at Windsor Castle" which appeared in 1942, and part of a projected series of catalogues of the drawings in the collection which promises additional volumes on English, French, and Italian drawings, and the drawings of Holbein.

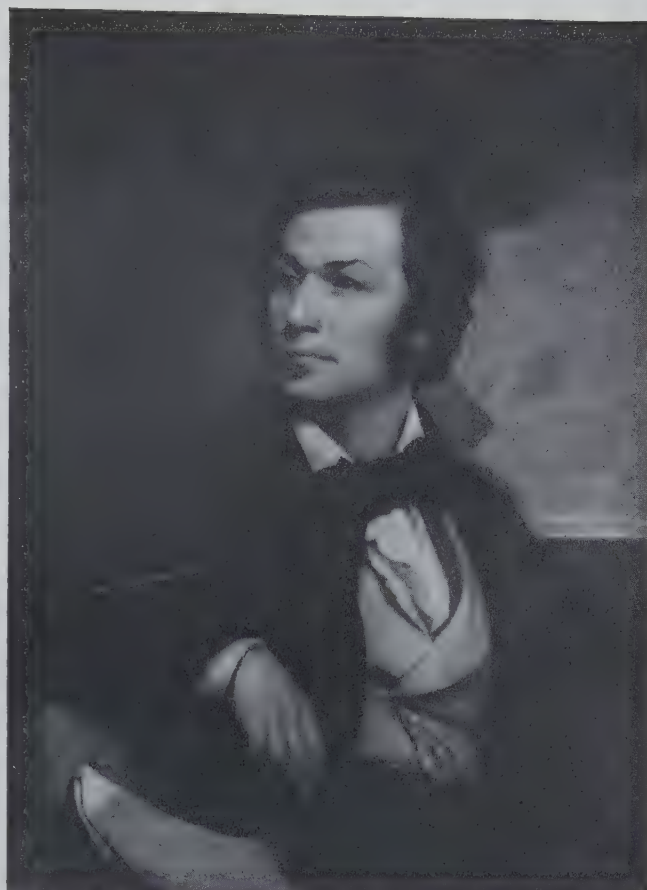
With the notable exception of Rembrandt, Dutch drawing is not an especially rich field, and the collection at Windsor is the more impoverished, therefore, by the fact that having been formed according to the dictates of 18th century taste, it contains not a single one of his drawings. Masters like Vermeer and Hals have left us no drawings at all. Thus, what we do have here is a rather indiscriminate selection of the work of minor artists of the 17th and 18th centuries, and while such a publication is of real value to the specialist in the field, one cannot but question the justification for a large popular edition. Even Professor Van Puyvelde (Director of the Royal Museums of Fine Arts of Belgium) appears in his introduction to be somewhat embarrassed by the quality of the collection.

Hendrik Avercamp emerges as its most original and charming figure. In his drawings of burgher families airing themselves on the ice, or their small sons gathered about the knifegrinder, he communicates a simple and unaffected joy in the literal. If his drawings do not achieve the significant range and intensity of poetry, they are at least the prose of a fresh and active vision all too rare among so many murky landscapes in "the Italian style."

Drawing Figures. By George Giusti. New York and London, 1944. The Studio Publications, Inc. 80 pages, illustrated. \$2.25.

Its illustrations are a great virtue of this handsome little book. Drawings by masters from Pollaiuolo to Picasso are included, and these serve to extend the necessary and appropriate emphasis on the mechanics of draughtsmanship. The brief text is pointed and practical, solidly rooted in a traditional concept of the subject as a long discipline involving the study of proportion and anatomy. It should prove a useful introduction to the young artist, whom Mr. Giusti advises to "Draw hard, relentlessly, and never be satisfied."

—LIBBY TANNENBAUM.



Portrait of Marshall S. Fike

John Neagle, 1799-1865

Oil on canvas, 34" x 27". Exhibited and illustrated: No. 1 of Neagle catalogue, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, 1925.

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Frederic Remington, A Painter of American Life. Published by Robert Isaacson, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1943. \$3.00.

This is the first book ever to be published about Frederic Remington, though he was one of the most unique and vivid figures in the history of American art. And to those who were delighted to hear that at last a book was coming out about Frederic Remington, it is a sad disappointment. There is a kind of unutterable exasperation in finding the book such a poor one, after all. But it is notable for one thing: it shows more definitely than ever that it is time for some competent work about the man who set out to record the life of the Old West before it should vanish utterly.

Remington was an illustrator whom no one could call neglected. He lived when both editors and the reading public took a great and personal interest in the popular illustrators. When he was 25, all in one year his illustrations suddenly appeared in *ST. NICHOLAS*, *OUTING* and *HARPER'S*, both the weekly and the monthly. The volume of contributions increased without a break for 23 years—he died at 48—augmented by writings of his own and the production of about 20 notable works in bronze. He was as well known as Gibson, Frost, Pyle or Abbey, and like them he survived his own generation.

But go into almost any large city art museum and try to dig up a little information on Remington. There are one or two collections out West, mostly inherited. The New York Public Library maintains a reference scrapbook, and so does the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which also has a fine group of his bronzes. But in almost any other museum the most you will get is what can be dug up out of Bolton's "American Illustrators", which is maddening for its little inaccuracies, or Merle Johnson's "First Editions", which is brief and limited.

One reason for this dearth of information is that Remington, in spite of his popularity, had a lone wolf quality. He was a wanderer. He left no children behind him, his wife has been dead for some time. He was almost completely self-taught; institutional people were apt to shy away from his pictures, for he never prettied anything up in his life, and they thought him too realistic; always a puerile objection. His pictures, however, never lacked collectors.

There are other reasons: to know much about him takes pioneer digging through old files in the libraries, and an intelligent sorting out of what people say of him, to say nothing of the trouble of finding originals that can be seen. It is apparent that none of this endeavor went into putting this first book on Remington together. Even the introduction is not original, as anyone can see by comparing it with a certain very quotable clipping in the Remington scrapbook of the New York Public Library. The compiler was sure of nothing, as though he went around asking questions of a few people, to get the usual, irrelevant answers. He says, for example, that the *Bronco Buster*, Remington's first bronze, was shown at Knoedler's in 1905; but it is well known that this piece was done in 1895; pictures of it can be found in the magazines of 1895 and 1896. And the first picture, labeled *Self Portrait*, appeared in a story of the Sierra Madre Country in the 'Nineties, labeled *My Comrade* and is presumably a picture of Remington's friend of a hunting trip.

Remington's record is there, though, for the right man to search for and read; and it is to be hoped that the sincere interpreter will arrive and bring us a good, informative volume on the life of this artist who never needed myth or embroidery to make his vivid contribution to American art.

—HELEN B. CARD.

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ational Academy of Design Exhibition Record 1826-1860.
New York. Printed for the New York Historical Society,
1943. 2 volumes. \$5.00.

To the student or writer whose interests lie in the field of American art the material contained in the exhibition catalogues of the National Academy of Design is an invaluable source of information. Extracting it, however, has been a laborious undertaking, particularly in tracing the works shown by individual artists, when each catalogue has had to be searched, year by year. The publication by the New York Historical Society of this exhibition record of the National Academy is a notable addition to source material on the first half of the 19th century. Compiled by Bartlett Cowdrey, the record covers the first 35 annual exhibitions of the Academy, from 1826 to 1860. The essential information contained in the original catalogues has been rearranged so that exhibiting artists, classes of members, officers and committee members of the Academy fall into alphabetical order, and under the name of each artist are grouped the titles of his works shown with dates of exhibition and catalogue numbers. The record follows in form Algernon Graves' dictionary of contributors to the Royal Academy of Arts, but its usefulness is considerably increased by the addition of a comprehensive index of owners, subjects of landscapes and of portraits, Biblical characters and scenes, literary works illustrated, genre titles and artists' addresses. Miss Cowdrey has also done an excellent piece of work in coordinating discrepancies in the original catalogues and has succeeded in identifying many of the lesser known artists. Thus her compilation serves as a valuable supplement to such biographical dictionaries as Mallett's "Index of Artists" and Mantle Fielding's "Dictionary of American Painters, Sculptors and Engravers," in that the majority of professional artists exhibited at the Academy during the last century.

It is hoped that the record will eventually be carried further as it is a model of its kind, and the thorough research which has gone into its making is much needed in the comparatively neglected field of 19th century American art.

—ROSALIND IRVINE.

Dragons on Guard. By Anna Curtis Chandler. New York and Philadelphia, 1944. J. B. Lippincott Company. xv and 191 pages, illustrated. \$2.50.

Anna Curtis Chandler of the Metropolitan Museum staff has written this book of stories about Chinese art and history for young people. The author has made an earnest attempt to present something of the philosophy and atmosphere of China. The stories, which are preceded by short historical introductions, range from a conversation between Master K'ung and Lao-Tzu to the legend depicted on blue willow ware.

Dr. Y. C. Yang, president of Soochow University, has provided an introduction, and the endpapers are by the Chinese artist Chang Shu-chi. The book contains a brief bibliography and advice on the pronunciation of Chinese names.

—LIBBY TANNENBAUM.

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TRANSLATION, PLEASE

By JOHN B. MONTIGNANI

I WORK in a reference library devoted to the fine arts, where every day I see that books in foreign languages, old and new alike, present serious difficulties to the American students who are not generally equipped to read them. It has been my observation that while most of these students are able to read some one or another of the foreign languages most needed in their special fields, their knowledge of other languages is totally insufficient to allow them to read more than a brief article now and then—and even this with much difficulty. That this is a hindrance to the advancement of their scholarship would seem obvious. A remedy must, and I believe can, be found.

The principal obstacle in the way of correcting the situation may well be the unwillingness of certain sections of our educated groups to admit to any lack of facility in languages. In his book "Good-Bye, Mr. Chippendale" Mr. Robsjohn-Gibbins recently made the point that antiques were avidly sought by those of newly acquired wealth to provide them, vicariously, with a social background. Likewise, many among our educated groups seem to feel that to question their competence in languages is to put in jeopardy their whole intellectual standing. Languages are, in short, to the men of our comparatively youthful cultural and scholarly tradition what antiques were to the men of the industrial revolution. Witness, for example, our obdurate insistence on hearing opera in its original tongue, or even in translation into another foreign tongue—in any language except, heaven forbid, English.

Perhaps it is our youth that makes us refuse to face the fact—but whatever the cause it is time, even as we as a nation may now be expected to take a grown-up's place in the political life of the world, that we take a grown-up's attitude in cultural matters as well. There is no cause for shame in admitting that most of us are not gifted linguists. For one thing our geographical location undoubtedly goes a long way toward accounting for it—if there is any necessity for doing that. For another, it has not been at all uncommon in the past for source books and standard scholarly works to be "Englished," or translated into French, German or Italian, from their original tongues. A famous example of such an undertaking is the series "Early Written Sources for the History of Art" (*Quellenschriften zur Kunstgeschichte*) in which a number of Renaissance books such as Alberti's "Of Painting" (*De Pictura*) and "Of Sculpture" (*De Statua*), Dolce's "Dialogue on Painting" (*Dialogo della Pittura*), Pacioli's "Divine Proportion" (*De Divina Proportionione*), and Biondo's "Of the Most Noble Painting" (*Della Nobilissima Pittura*), were translated into the German language. To go back for a moment to the 15th century, it is pertinent to our thesis to note that, according to Anthony Blunt ("Artistic Theory in Italy", Oxford, 1940), Alberti probably wrote his treatise "Of Painting" in Latin but translated it "for Brunelleschi's benefit into Italian."

In the field of classical studies there is a similar, and more extensive series, the Loeb Classical Library, in which the writings of Greek and Roman authors are presented in the original language side by side with a translation into English.

In such projects, I believe, we may find the solution to our problem clearly indicated—the translation into English of important early books which are valuable as source materials, and of later standard or basic works as well. There have, of course, been a number of translations of individual works issued from

me to time—of Vasari's "Lives," of Max von Boehn's volumes in "Modes and Manners," of Pompeo Molmenti's "Venice, its individual Growth from the Earliest Beginnings to the Fall of the Republic"—to mention but a few—and the use to which they are put is evidence of their value in translation. What the writer has in mind however is not this hit or miss translation of good works now and then, but rather a well planned and carefully organized series of translations of the most important volumes in each field of the fine arts. A group of our best scholars, interested in the literature of their special fields, and interested too in the future development of fine scholars in this country, would not find it difficult to prepare a list for such a purpose. The American Council of Learned Societies is even now preparing a list of Russian books for just such a job of translating as is here proposed.

This, it seems to me, is a project which should find much support as a worthwhile undertaking in the post-war world. That the manpower will be available at that time cannot be doubted, and we may hope that our political system will at last be geared to an economy of abundance so that the financial backing necessary for such a program will be available.

*to gambling many are inclined,
to other sport is on their mind,
but future losses will they find.*



Illustration from the first English translation of Sebastian Brant's 15th century SHIP OF FOOLS, by Edwin H. Zeydel, Columbia University Press, 1944. Some of its 114 woodcuts have been attributed to Durer, who sketched Brant in Antwerp in 1520.

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All information is supplied by exhibitors in response to mailed questionnaires. Dates are closing dates unless specified.

ALBANY, N. Y. *Inst. of History and Art*: Oct. 1-22: Tomorrow's Needlework; Dutch Architecture. Oct. 4-30: Arts and Crafts of the Shakers.

ANDOVER, MASS. *Addison Gal.*: Oct. 15: Bygone Domestic Devices; Amer. Snapshots.

ATHENS, O. *Ohio Univ. Gal.*: Oct.: Oils by L. C. Mitchell. Nov.: W. Cols. by Verna W. Katona.

ATLANTA, GA. *High Mus. of Art*: Oct. 18: Diego Rivera Drwgs. Oct. 13-31: Antique Silver; Naval Medicine Ptg. Nov. 1-15: Atlanta Natl. Salon of Photos. Nov. 16-30: Contemp. Amer. Portraits.

AUSTIN, TEX. *Univ. of Tex.*: Nov. 5-26: Mod. Advertising Art (AFA).

BALTIMORE, MD. *Mus. of Art*: Oct. 6-Nov. 19: Glass; 19th Cent. French Ptg. Oct. 10-Nov. 12: Natl. Serigraph Soc. Show; Ptg. and Drwgs. by Pietre Lazzari.

MD. Inst.: Oct.: Day School Students' Work.

BELOIT, WIS. *Beloit College*: Oct.: Midwest Painters (AFA).

BETHLEHEM, PA. *Lehigh Univ. Gal.*: Oct. 22: Lehigh Art Alliance Ptg.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA. *Pub. Lib. Gal.*: Oct.: Birmingham Art Club. Nov.: Alabama W. Col. Show.

BUFFALO, N. Y. *Albright Gal.*: Sept. 22-Oct. 18: Ptg. by Virginia Cuthbert and Philip Elliott. Oct. 6-29: Cuttoli Tapestries. Oct. 8-29: Buffalo Soc. of Artists. Nov. 4-27: Patteran Soc. Exhib.

BOSTON, MASS. *Inst. of Mod. Art*: Oct.-Nov. 4: French Genre: Vuillard and Bonnard.

Public Lib., Print Dept.: Oct.: Arthur Briscoe Prints. Nov.: Charles H. Woodbury Prints and W. Cols.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA. *Art Assn.*: Oct. 8-29: Canadian Ptg. (AFA).

CHAPEL HILL, N. C. *Person Hall Gal.*: Photos of Clunian and Cistercian Architecture and Sculpt.

CHARLOTTE, N. C. *Mint Mus. of Art*: Oct.: Oils by Ingerle and Henry Gasser. Nov. 22: Contemp. Amer. Art; Popular Photography Prints; Sketches of Army by Charlotte Artists in Service.

CHICAGO, ILL. *Art Inst.*: Oct.-Nov.: Embroidery and Its Uses: Oct. 29: Close-Up of Tintoretto.

Chicago Galleries Assn.: Oct.: Frank C. Peyraud, Charles W. Dahlgren and Adam Emory Albright Oils. Nov.: Louis Keep W. Cols.; Karl Brandner and John T. Nolt Oils.

Findlay Gal.: Oct. 14: William Hollingsworth, Jr. W. Cols.; Rockwell Kent Etchings. Oct. 7: Stan P. Poray Oils. Oct. 15-Nov. 15: Luigi Lucioni Etchings; Eliot O'Hara W. Cols. Nov. 4-Dec. 4: Hovsep Pushman, Nov. 13-Dec. 13: W. Emerson Heitland W. Cols.

CINCINNATI, O. *Univ. of Cincinnati*: Oct. 21: Mod. Adver. Art (AFA).

CLEVELAND, O. *Little Gal.*: Oct.-Nov. 1: Alumni and Senior Students' Ptg. of Cleveland College. Nov. 6-18: Oils by Natalie Grauer.

Mus. of Art: Oct. 3-29: Beauty of Greece (AFA). Oct. 13-Nov. 15: Life War Art. Oct.: Fannie Brice Coll. of Children's Ptg. Nov. 9-Dec. 10: Islamic Art (AFA).

Ten Thirty Gal.: Oct. 2-14: Fernando Puma Drwgs. and Ptg. Oct. 16-28: Cleveland Women's Art League. Oct. 30-Nov. 18: Wray Manning Oils and W. Cols. Nov. 20-Dec. 2: Doris Hall and Kalman Kubinyi Enamels.

COLUMBUS, O. *Gal. of Fine Arts*: Oct. 5-Nov. 5: Rodin. Nov.: Greek Revival.

CONCORD, N. H. *State Lib.*: Oct.: Lila Cabot Perry Oils. Nov.: Ellen L. Quigley Oils.

CORTLAND, N. Y. *Free Lib.*: Oct. 28: Natl. Assn. of Women Artists. Nov.: What is a Building (AFA).

COSHOCOTON, O. *Johnson-Humrickhouse Mus.*: Oct.: Soviet Artist in the War (AFA).

CORVALLIS, ORE. *Ore. State College*: Sept. 15-Oct. 15: Merchant Seamen of the United Nations (AFA).

DALLAS, TEX. *Mus. of Fine Arts*: Oct. 24: Texas General Exhib. Oct. 15-Nov. 23: Alexandre Hogue Aviation Production Drwgs. Oct. 29-Dec. 5: Silk Screen Exhib. Nov. 5-Dec. 5: Otis Dozier Ptg. Nov. 5-Dec. 23: Clemens Jameson. Nov. 12-Dec. 12: Dallas Owned Art. Nov. 19-Dec. 6: Grace Crockett. Nov. 20-Jan. 2: Fourth Texas Print Annual.

DAVENPORT, IOWA. *Municipal Art Gal.*: Oct.: E. M. R. Weiner Portraits: Arts and Crafts of Southern Highlanders; Isabel Bishop Drwgs. and Washes. Nov.: Quad-City Show; Alice R. Edmiston's Monotypes.

DENVER, COLO. *Art Mus.*: Oct. 24: Modern Dutch Art. Oct. 31: W. Cols. and Sketches by Lord Brierley; Georgian Silver. Nov.: Texas Panorama (AFA).

DETROIT, MICH. *Inst. of Arts*: Oct. 15: 18th Cen. Life in Prints. Nov. 12: Thorne European Miniature Rooms. Oct. 17-Nov. 12: 18th Cen. Mezzotints. Nov. 17-Dec. 17: Currier and Ives Prints. Nov.-Dec.: Carnegie Exhib. of Appreciation of Arts: Michigan Artists Exhib.

ELMIRA, N. Y. *Arnot Gal.*: Oct.: Underseas Ptg. by Chris Olsen. Nov.: Angele Watson.

EVANSVILLE, IND. *Pub. Mus.*: Oct. 15: Emily Wilson. Oct. 16-31: Annual Photo Salon. Oct. 1-31: Orig. Comic Strips and Cartoons. Nov. 5-26: Florence Furst Ptg. Nov. 6-18: 60 Textbooks of the Year.

FREDERICK, MD. *Hood College*: Oct. 23-Nov. 12: Canadian Landscape in Silk Screen Prints.

GRINNELL, IOWA. *Art Dept., Grinnell College*: Nov. 1-25: \$700 Budget House.

HAGERSTOWN, MD. *Washington Co. Mus.*: Oct. 29: 20th Cent. Drwgs. Nov. 1-30: Walter Tony Carnelli.

HARTFORD, CONN. *Wadsworth Athenaeum*: Oct. 16: Children's Summer Class Work. Nov. 7-27: Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors.

HOUSTON, TEX. *Mus. of Fine Arts*: Oct. 29: 19th Annual of Photography. Nov. 5-26: 6th Texas General.

KANSAS CITY, MO. *Wm. Rockhill Nelson Gal.*: Oct. 4-Nov. 30: Chinese Fair.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK. *Mus. of Fine Arts*: Oct.: Exhib. of Glass.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. *Co. Mus.*: Oct.: Calif. Art Club; 24th Annual W. Col. Society; Business Men's Art Club. Nov. 1-Dec. 3: Clarence Hinkle Ptg. Nov. 5-26: Women Painters of the West. Nov. 19-Dec. 31: Francis de Erdely Ptg.

Dalzell Hatfield Gal.: Oct. 15: Ptg. by Grigory Gluckmann. Nov. 15: Modern French Ptg.

Foundation of Western Art: Oct. 21: Calif. Graphics Arts.

Stendahl Gal.: Oct. 10: Marine Ptg. by Leon Lundmark.

LOUISVILLE, KY. *Speed Mem. Mus.*: Oct. 15: Elizabethan Room Opening. Nov. 5-23: Charles Burchfield Retro-spective Show (AFA).

LOWELL, MASS. *Whistler's Birthplace*: Nov. 1: Ptg. by DeMerritte A. Hiscove. Nov. 1-Dec. 1: Ernest Buttrick Coll. of Etchings.

MANCHESTER, N. H. *Currier Gal.*: Oct. 25: Ships for Victory. Oct. 6-Nov. 6: Silk Screen Group. Oct.: Colored Wood Engravings by Kent, Havens and Menihan; Prints from Print Corner; Nov. 7: W. Cols. by Cleveland Artists; Isabel Bishop Drwgs.; Scotch Plaids and Tartans.

MASSILLON, O. *Massillon Mus.*: Oct.: Ptg. from Maitland Coll.; C. L. Brumme Sculpt. Nov. 1-Dec. 1: 9th Annual Nov. Show.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN. *Wesleyan Univ.*: Oct.: Prints by Old and Modern Masters. Nov.: Assoc. Amer. Artists Prints.

MILWAUKEE, WIS. *Art Inst.*: Oct. 6-Nov. 12: Williams Mem. Purchase Exhib. Nov. 9-Dec. 10: 55th Annual Amer. Exhib.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. *Inst. of Arts*: Oct. 22: 55th Annual Amer. Exhib. of W. Cols. and Drwgs. Oct. 4-Nov. 12: Eakins Show. Nov. 10-Dec. 10: Local Artists' Show.

Univ. Gal., Univ. of Minn.: Oct. 1-Nov. 15: British Arts and Crafts.

Walker Art Center: Oct. 4: Life War Art. Nov. 1-15: Planning the Modern House. Nov. 23-Dec.: Le Corbusier.

MUSKEGON, MICH. *Hackley Gal.*: Amer. Ptg. of Today: Nov. 8-29 (AFA).

NEWARK, N. J. *Newark Mus.*: Nov.: A Museum in Action.

NEW LONDON, CONN. *Lyman Allyn Mus.*: Oct.: Emma MacRae Ptg. Nov.: Cleveland Artists' Oils.

NEW ORLEANS, LA. *Isaac Delgado Mus.*: Oct.: Art Assn. of New Orleans Exhib. of Selection. Nov. 26: The Great Abstractionists; Look at Your Neighborhood; W. Cols. by Carl Benton Compton; Pennell Prints (AFA).

NEW YORK, N. Y. *Amer. Brit. Art Cen.*: 44 W. 56: Oct. 13: Contemp. Amer. Ptg. Oct. 16-27: Mitzi Solomon Sculpt.; Donald Burns Ptg. and W. Cols.

Argent, 42 W. 57: Oct. 14: Pauline Law Ptg.; G. Sturtevant Gardner Ptg. of Panama, Peru and Ecuador. Oct. 14-Nov. 4: Natl. Assn. of Women Artists W. Cols.

Assoc. Amer. Artists, 711-5th: Oct. 21: George Grosz Ptg. Oct. 23-Nov. 11: Ptg. by Joseph Floch. Nov. 13-Dec. 2: Ptg. by Ernest Fienne.

Babcock, 38 E. 58: Oct. 14: Ptg. by 19th and 20th Cen. Amer. Artists. Oct. 16-28: Taber Sears W. Cols.

Brooklyn Mus.: Eastern Parkway: Oct. 22: America: 1744-1944. Oct. 15: Posada: Printmaker to the Mexican People. Oct. 29: Original Fashion Sketches by Amer. Designers. Oct. 20-Dec. 3: Modern Dutch Prints; Recent Photographic Accessions. Oct. 28-Nov. 19: Internatl. Photo Exhib. of Photographic Soc. of America. Oct. 29: Oils in W. Col.-Ptg. by Marsh, Dehn, Sheets, Fredenthal.

Bland, 45 E. 57: Oct.-Nov.: Early Amer. Genre.

Buchholz, 32 E. 57: Oct. 10-28: Mary Callery Sculpt. Oct. 31-Nov. 25: Feininger, Jawlensky, Kandinsky, Klee.

Carnegie Hall Gal.: 154 W. 57: Oct.: Group Exhib.

Paul Drey, 11 E. 57: Ptg. from 14th to 20th Cen.

Durand-Ruel, Inc., 12 E. 57: Oct.-Nov.: Late 19th-20th Cen. French.

Jacob Hirsch, 30 W. 54: Indef.: Classical and Renaissance Art.

Kennedy and Co., 785-5th: Oct.: Hudson River Ptg. and Prints. Nov.: Amer. Portraits, Ptg. and Prints.

Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57th: Oct. 9-21: Rose Blattner Ptg. Oct. 23-Nov. 4: Wallace Bassford Ptg. Nov. 11-Dec. 1: Ptg. by Dario Treves.

Metropolitan, 5th and 82nd St.: Oct. 4-Dec. 3: Portrait of America. Oct. 18 thru Dec.: Peasant and Traditional Costumes. Indef.: European Textiles; Greek Ptg.; Prints by Four Masters of the Renaissance. *Cloisters*: Indef.: The Noble Sport of Falconry.

Midtown, 605 Madison: Oct.: Sculpt. by Members of Midtown Group.

Milch, 108 W. 57: Oct. 21: Jay Connaway Ptg.

Morton, 222 W. 59: Oct. 14: Bertha Remick. Oct. 16-28: Beatrice Weller. Oct. 30-Nov. 11: Frederic Rockwell W. Cols. Nov. 13-25: James E. Brockway W. Cols.

Morgan Lib.: 29 E. 36th: Oct.-Nov. 11: Illuminated Manuscripts.

Mus. of Mod. Art, 11 W. 53: Oct. 11-Nov. 5: Jacob Lawrence Ptg. Oct.-Nov. 19: Soviet Children's Art; American Battle Ptg. Oct.-Jan. 14: Feininger and Hartley Ptg.

Mus. of Non-Obj. Ptg., 24 E. 54: Oct. 15-Nov.: Loan Exhib. *Newhouse*, 15 E. 57: Oct.-Nov. 1: 19th Cen. Amer. Landscapes.

N. Y. Hist. Soc., 170 C. Park W.: Oct. 29: Men and Ships of the Amer. Navy. Nov.: 31st Annual of the Allied Artists of America.

N. Y. Pub. Lib., 476-5th: Oct. 15: Color. Oct. 4-20: 50 Amer. Prints. Oct. 21-Jan.: Mexican Printmakers.

Passedoit, 121 E. 57: Oct. 2-14: Antonio Gattorno Ptg. Oct. 16-28: Gouaches by Maurice Gordon.

Perls, 32 E. 58: Oct. 9-Nov. 4: Margaret Stark Ptg. Nov.: Chet La More.

Portraits, Inc., 460 Park: Nov. 8-25: Portraits of Children (Benefit School Art League).

Riverside Mus., 310 Riverside Dr.: Oct.-Nov. 1: Recent War Posters of United Nations. Nov. 1-Dec. 15: Modern Artists of N. J.

Silberman, 32 E. 57: Perm.: Ptg. by Old and Modern Masters and Early Obj. of Art.

Staten Island Mus., Staten Island: Oct.: Staten Island Artists. Nov.: Memorial Exhib. of Work of Adeline Wigand and Otto C. Wigand.

Wildenstein, 19 E. 64: Oct. 18-Nov. 18: Eugene Delacroix. Nov. 1-25: Haseltine Sculpt.

Willard, 32 E. 57: Nov. 7-Dec. 2: Peter Gripe Sculpt. and Drwgs.

OAKLAND, CALIF. *Art Gal.*: Oct. 8-Nov. 5: 12th Annual. *Mills College Gal.*: Oct. 20: Wartime Britain; New Acquisitions. Oct. 25-Nov. 15: Photography Show.

OLIVET, MICH. *Olivet College*: Oct. 16: Modern French Masters. Oct. 16-Nov. 6: Dutch Engravings. Nov. 6-27: Chiaroscuro Woodblock Prints.

OMAHA, NEB. *Soc. of Liberal Arts, Joslyn Memorial*: Oct.: Netherlands and Netherlands Indies. Oct. 25: Martha Sawyers Exhib.; Mary Sargent Etchings; Indonesian Loan Exhib. Nov. 1-25: Colored Woodcuts, Etchings, Engravings; Palmer's Undersea Ptg.

OSHKOSH, WIS. *Pub. Mus.*: Oct.: Oils by Edith Abbott.

OSWEGO, N. Y. *State Teachers College*: Oct. 1-30: Contemp. W. Colors. (AFA).

PITTSBURGH, PA. *Carnegie Inst.*: Oct. 12-Dec.: Ptg. in the U. S., 1944; Prints from Second Natl. Exhib. of Library of Congress.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. *Amer. Swedish Hist. Mus.*: Oct.: Nov.: John Carlsson Oils; Wm. Penn.

Mus. of Art: Oct. 22: Stieglitz Collection. Oct. 2-Indef.: Crozier Coll. of Chinese Art. Nov. 4-Dec.: Mexican Show Velasco and Posada.

Pa. Acad. of Fine Arts: Oct. 29-Dec. 3: 42nd Annual W. Col. and Print Exhib.

PORTLAND, ORE. *Art Mus.*: Oct.: Romantic Ptg. in America; Marine Air Corps Photos. Nov. 1-26: Merchant Seamen of United Nations (AFA).

PROVIDENCE, R. I. *Art Club*: Oct. 18: Marines Under Fire. Nov. 7-19: 60th Annual of Art Club.

Pub. Lib.: Oct. 9-23: Popular Photography.

School of Design: Oct. 9-23: Annual by School of Design Students.

RACINE, WIS. *Wustum Mus.*: Oct.: W. Cols. by Sheets, Knee and Cowles. Nov.: Florida Gulf Coast Painters.

RALEIGH, N. C. *N. C. State Art Soc.*: Oct. 14: Prints from Children's Blocks (AFA); Look at Your Neighborhood. Oct. 20-Nov. 30: Ptg. and Drwgs. by Claude F. Howell.

READING, PA. *Pub. Mus. and Art Gal.*: Oct. 15-Nov. 26: 17th Annual Local Artists' Exhib.

RICHMOND, VA. *Va. Mus. of Fine Arts*: Oct.: Modern Dutch Art. Oct. 21-Nov. 12: Dorothy Scott Ptg.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. *Mem. Art Gal.*: Oct. 6-Nov. 5: Murals. Compet. Exhib.: Cleveland Oils and W. Cols. Nov. 15-27: Pennell Print Comp. (AFA). Nov. 10-Dec. 3: The Eight Arts in Therapy.

ROCKFORD, ILL. *Art Assn.*: Oct. 2-Nov. 5: Soldier Arts from Life Magazine; Art by Camp Grand Soldiers. Nov. 6-Dec. 3: Advertising Art.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF. *E. B. Crocker Gal.*: Oct.: Gemma trude Mibsfeldt Oils; Chang Chu Shi Ptg. Nov. 1-31: Northern Calif. Artists; Kathryn and Carlton Ball Ceramics, Silver and Jewelry.

SAGINAW, MICH. *Junior League*: Amer. Ptg. of Today: Oct. 22: (AFA).

ST. PAUL, MINN. *Gal. and School of Art*: Oct.: Chet La More (AFA).

Hamline Gal.: Nov. 10-Dec. 1: 23rd Natl. Exhib. of Art Directors Club.

SANTA FE, N. M. *Mus. of N. Mex.*: Oct.: Santa Fe Photographers. Oct. 16-31: Agnes Tait. Nov. 1-15: Amer. Color Print Society. Nov. 16-30: Lanson, Springer, Bakos Cheney.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX. *Witte Mem. Mus.*: Oct. 26: Southern States Art League; Edmund Kinzinger Oils. Nov. 5-20: Leonard Zechlin Oils and W. Cols.; Contemp. Amer. Painters.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. *Mus. of Art*: Oct. 10-24: Color Print Soc. Oct. 11-Nov. 22: Bay Area Council of Camera Clubs Salon. Oct. 17-Nov. 12: Ptg. by Puma; Lucien Labaudt Mem. Exhib. Oct. 15-Nov. 5: Lasansky Prints; Paul McReynolds Sculpt. Oct. 22-Nov. 12: Hugo Steccatti Photos. Nov. 7-26: Zahara Schatz. Nov. 7-Dec.: Matthew Barnes Ptg. Nov. 14-Dec.: Chinese Prints. Nov. 12-Dec. 3: San Francisco Women Artists' Annual.

SAN MARINO, CALIF. *Huntington Lib. and Art Gal.*: Nov.: Epochs Printmaking.

SEATTLE, WASH. *Art Mus.*: Oct. 4-Nov. 5: 30th Annual of Northwest Artists. Nov. 8-Dec. 3: Romantic Ptg.; Morris Graves; Lumber Photos by Bernice Abbott.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL. *State Mus.*: Sept. 17-Nov. 1: Army on Maneuvers: Ships of the Navy by Arthur Beaumont. Oct. 1-25: Ceramics by Soriano. Nov. 1-Dec.: Brown County, Ind., Artists.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS. *George Walter Vincent Smith Gal.*: Oct.: Murals from India by Katchadourian (AFA). Nov. 6-24: P. S. A. 100 Print Salon.

TOLEDO, OHIO. *Mus. of Art*: Oct. 29: The Eight.

TRENTON, N. J. *N. J. State Mus.*: Oct. 1-Nov. 1: The American Heritage. Nov.: Delaware River Artists.

TULSA, OKLA. *Philbrook Art Center*: Oct.-Nov.: Animals in Art.

URBANA, ILL. *Univ. of Ill.*: College of Fine and Applied Arts: Oct. 15: Student Work; Oct. 15-29: Ptg. by Justine Fuller, Kinley Fulwood. Nov. 5-Dec.: Russian Icons.

WASHINGTON, D. C. *Corcoran*: Oct.: Contemp. Amer. Printmakers. Oct. 15: Kenneth Hayes Miller Etchings. Oct. 26: Latin-Amer. Prints.

David Porter Gal.: Oct.: Ptg. from Ethiopia. Nov.: E. Worden Day Ptg. of Rural South.

Lib. of Congress: Oct.: Battle Art; Amer. 19th Cen. Campaign Prints; U. S. Railroads; Photos Natl. Gal. Oct. 8: Naval Medicine; U. S. Coast Guard Art.

Smithsonian: Oct.: Kaufman Portraits of Eminent Americans.

Phillips Mem. Gal.: Oct. 25: Daumier Lithographs. Nov.: Ptg. by Bernice Cross.

WELLESLEY, MASS. *Farnsworth Art Mus.*: Nov.: Kathachadourian Murals (AFA).

Wellesley College Mus.: Oct. 12: Chinese Ptg. Oct. 15-30: Negro Artists.

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA. *Norton Gal.*: Oct. 29: Students Work. Nov. 11-Dec.: Children's Art from Carolina Art Assn.

WILMINGTON, DEL. *Soc. of Fine Arts*: Oct.: Thomas Eakins. Nov.-Dec. 3: 31st Annual Delaware Show.

WORCESTER, MASS. *Art Mus.*: Nov. 16-Dec. 17: Winslow Homer.

YONKERS, N. Y. *Hudson River Mus.*: Oct.-Nov.: Hudson River School.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO. *Butler Art Inst.*: Oct. 13-Nov. 12: Jane Peterson Exhib. Nov. 17-Dec. 3: Perm. Coll.

ZANESVILLE, O. *Art Inst.*: Oct. 8-Nov. 5: 18th Cent. French Painter. Oct.: Animals in Art. Nov.: Paintings by Children; Ceramics by Soriano; Quintanilla.



Official U. S.
Signal Corps Photo

Let these guys start it!

There's a day coming when the enemy will be licked, beaten, whipped to a fare-thee-well—every last vestige of fight knocked out of him.

And there's a day coming when every mother's son of us will want to stand up and yell, to cheer ourselves hoarse over the greatest victory in history.

But let's not start the cheering yet.

In fact, let's not start it at all—over here. Let's leave it to the fellows who are *doing* the job—the only fellows who will *know* when it's done—to begin the celebrating.

Our leaders have told us, over and over again, that the smashing of the Axis will be a slow job, a dangerous job, a bloody job.

And they've told us what our own common sense confirms: that, if we at home start throwing our hats in the air and easing up before the job's completely done, it will be slower, more dangerous, bloodier.

Right now, it's still up to us to buy War Bonds—and to *keep on* buying War Bonds until this war is completely won. That doesn't mean victory over the Nazis *alone*. It means bringing the Japs to their knees, too.

Let's keep bearing down till we get the news of final victory from the only place such news can come: the battle-line.

If we do that, we'll have the *right* to join the cheering when the time comes.

Keep backing 'em up with War Bonds

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